TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Editor: K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the elect. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power!

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. . . he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!
—The Song Celestial

'The Triple Stream'[1]

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

In the Art Gallery of the Jaganmohan Palace, Mysore, there is a famous water-colour, 'Mad after the *Veena*,' by Mr. K. Venkatappa. It represents the artist himself, as being torn between his loyalty to music and to painting. At one stage, his madness for the *Veena* is so great that, in sheer despair, he veils the bust of his great teacher in painting, Dr. Abanindranath Tagore. The curse of divided allegiance was never more strikingly portrayed. For fourteen months, the Editor tried to shut out the *Triveni* from his vision and to devote his attention to the Jatheeya Kalasala, which was dear beyond words. It was difficult to adjust the rival claims of education and journalism. At times, the *Triveni* tore off the veil, and flashed forth anger from her ruby-red eyes. In trying to serve two institutions, each of which required utter consecration, the Editor caused harm and loss to both. Towards the middle of January last, the call of the *Triveni* became insistent, and with considerable pain he resigned the Principalship. Thus it happens that these Notes are being written from the 'Triveni' Office in Madras, and not within sight of the spacious lawns of the Kalasala, carpetted emerald green and filled with 'the peace which passeth understanding.'

'WHERE FLOWERS DO NOT FADE'

During that brief tenure of office he was privileged to take part in a function which marked the commencement of a new epoch in Telugu literature. The Poets Lakshmikantam and Venkateswara Rao dedicated their first long poem to their Guru, Venkata Kavi, the forerunner of the literary renaissance in Andhra. Seven hundred years ago, the poet Ketana

[1] **20th February, 1935**

offered homage to Tikkana, the poet of the Telugu 'Mahabharata,' by the dedication of the 'Dasakumara Charitra.' Amidst scenes of truly Oriental charm, with music and the lighting of camphor, the authors of 'Soundara-Nandam' laid their precious offering at the feet of the poet of the 'Buddha-Charitra.'

Nanda, a brother of the Lord Buddha, joins the Buddhist Sangha as a 'Bhikku' under circumstances of intense pathos. Nanda and his wife Sundari are perfect æsthetes living in a world of dreams, 'of eternal spring, where leaves do not fall and the flowers do not fade.' The Lord points the way to a higher love which comprehends the entire universe, and is not rendered painful by the fear of separation. In a style which recalls the chiselled grace and sweetness of the 'Prabhavati Pradyumnam' of Surana, and the 'Vijaya Vilasam' of Venkana, Lakshmikantam and Venkateswara Rao have created this modern classic, achieving perfect poise between thought and language, form and content. To one like the present writer who has day after day, and month after month, listened to the ineffably melodious chanting of the verses by Venkateswara Rao, the 'Soundara Nandam' represents the high-water mark of Telugu poetry in the present century. Among the poets of the Renaissance certain figures stand out prominently: Krishna Sastri, author of 'Krishna Paksham' and 'Urvasi'; Viswanatha Satyanarayana with his 'Nartanasala' and 'Andhra Prasasti'; and the poets of the 'Soundara Nandam' which is the fulfilment of the rich promise held out years ago in their 'Tholakari.'

INDIAN ART IN LONDON

We invite the attention of our readers to the valuable Note on 'Indian Art in London.' Mr. Oswald Couldrey, formerly Principal of the Rajahmundry College, nursed the artistic genius of the late lamented Damerla Rama Rao, and inspired students like Adivi Bapiraju with a love of Indian Art. He is justifiably annoyed with the Regional Committee for Madras for failing to secure a larger and more representative

collection of pictures from South India. Some works of Ananda Mohan Sastri, Ram Mohan Sastri, and Kesava Rao—all among those that 'blossomed at Masulipatam'—were exhibited, but most of these found their way into the Exhibition rooms without the aid of the local committee. Though, for some years, the Oriental Art section of the Kalasala has been in abeyance, the Art Gallery of water-colours by former teachers and students remains; and some of these could have been loaned, as well as others from the Rama Rao Art Gallery at Rajahmundry. Individual artists scattered all over South India ought to organise themselves and make such studied neglect impossible in future. Art is not the preserve of an officialised clique, and the expanding art-consciousness in South India should not get stifled for want of adequate opportunity for self-expression.

INDIA SAYS 'NO'

It is a progressive decline from Independence to the substance thereof, then to Dominion Status with safeguards, and finally to Diarchy at the centre and veiled autocracy in the provinces. Was it for this that generations of Indian publicists, from Dadabhai Naoroji to Rangaswami Iyengar, gave their precious lives? The National Congress has 'rejected' the J. P. C. Report and the Bill based on it. The Assembly has, in effect, confirmed the decision of the Congress. Everyday the view is gathering strength that the dropping of the Bill at this stage will not adversely affect the political destinies of India: that India need not submit to the fetters forged for her in the shape of unending reservations in favour of the agents of British Imperialism, and a corresponding denial of power to the advocates of Indian nationalism. Wise statesmanship could have reconciled these conflicting claims, but the divisions in our own camp have robbed us of the strength to make an effective demand for the reality of power. Whether 'rejection' implies abstention from the new legislatures, and refusal to accept office as Ministers, is yet in doubt. But there is no vital contradiction

in rejecting the Reforms and yet accepting office under them. If a continuous fight has to be kept up on all fronts, it is perfectly open to the Congress and other progressive groups to seize the limited power that is so grudgingly conceded, and retain the right to press for the powers withheld. After all, these terms 'rejection' and 'acceptance under protest' merely indicate the temper of different sets of politicians, and may not correspond to differences in the actual course of action pursued by them. If, as seems likely, Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Rajendra Prasad are able to arrive at an amicable settlement of the communal problem on the basis of joint electorates, the first great step forward will have been taken on the road to freedom. Then it will be time enough for an All-Parties Conference, and a Constituent Assembly entitled to speak on behalf of the entire nation and to demand a treaty between England and India, in place of this dole of Reforms which withholds infinitely more than it concedes.

THE 'TWENTIETH CENTURY'

When Mr. Iswara Dutt published his brilliant sketches of South Indian worthies—*Sparks and Fumes*—the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri complimented the young writer by saying that, after reading the book, he had become 'hopeful of the literary future of India.' Today the sight of the first few numbers of the *Twentieth Century* makes us hopeful about the future of Indian journalism. Starting as a free-lance, and serving on daily newspapers like *Swarajya*, *The Hindu* and *The Leader*, Mr. Dutt has at long last found his true vocation in journalism of a more enduring type. Choice in its get-up, varied and brilliant in its literary fare, and pervaded by an atmosphere of cultured leisure, the *Twentieth Century* is not only an ornament to Indian journalism, but also its loftiest expression. Its roll of contributors is perhaps the most distinguished in India. The *Twentieth Century* is, in addition, influentially supported and run on excellent business lines. Mr. Dutt is an old and valued friend of the

Editor of *Triveni*, and between them is the bond of common endeavour which neither time nor circumstance can ever weaken. *Triveni* welcomes this baby-brother, born so near the real 'Triveni' of Allahabad. And is it not the most wonderful baby that ever was, or can be?

THE 'TYAGARAJA' PORTRAIT

Mr. V. Raghavan sends us the following Note on the correct identification of the Tanjore picture published in *Triveni* during 1932:

As Frontispiece to the 1932 July-Aug. number of the *Triveni* (Vol. V. No. 1) appeared a portrait identified as that of Tyagaraja, the immortal South Indian musician-composer. The owner of the portrait, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, wrote in a Note on that portrait that he was informed by the person from whom he got it that it was a portrait of the Tanjore school, and that the name of the personality as Tyagaraja 'was suggested later, *though tentatively*.' In Madras, music enthusiasts ardently received this as a new portrait of the immortal musician and it got circulated as a contemporary portrait of Tyagaraja. In the Nov.-Dec. issue of the same Journal for the same year (Vol. V No. 3), the portrait was discussed and its identification as Tyagaraja was doubted. It was put forward by a writer (p. 281) that the subject was a typical Lingayat Saivaite Bhagavatar and that the portrait was not of the Tanjore School but it was 'typical of the Mysore School.' This portrait does belong to the Tanjore school and it does not represent any Lingayat Bhagavatar. But it is not Tyagaraja's portrait. It is a portrait of a well-known and much revered contemporary of Tyagaraja, Sri Gopala Bhagavatar of Varahur, a village in the Tanjore Dt.

Gopala Bhagavatar was not a musician as Tyagaraja was. He was a Bhakta and a performer of the traditional 'Bhajana' with singing and dancing, as the *Tambur* on his shoulder and the bells on his feet show. Gopalasvamin or Gopala Bhagavatar was besides a gifted exponent of the 'Bhagavata-purana,' the Veda of the 'Bhakti-marga.' It is now about sixty years since Gopala Bhagavatar passed away. He belonged to the 'Sishya-parampara' of the famous saint-composer, Narayana Tirtha *Yati*, the author of the 'Krishna Lila Tarangini.' During his life-time, Gopala Bhagavatar heard

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that the Tanjore court had a portrait of their first Guru, Narayana Tirtha ; he went to the court and brought a copy of his guru's portrait ; and along with Narayana Tirtha's second portrait, one of Gopala Bhagavatar also was prepared. Those two original portraits of Narayana Tirtha and Gopala Bhagavatar are now in the 'Puja-griha' of the grandson of Gopala Bhagavatar, Mr. Bharata Sastry, Ayurvedic physician, Triplicane. It was through Mr. Bharata Sastry's brother, Mr. Lakshmana Sastry of the Madras Govt. Oriental MSS Library, that Mr. Vetury Prabhakara Sastry of the same Library published with a Note those two portraits of Narayana Tirtha and Gopala Bhagavatar in the Madras Telugu Monthly *Bharati* in 1925 (part 6, facing p. 16). If one turns to the *Bharati* for 1925 or visits Mr. Bharata Sastry's house in Triplicane, he can see for himself that what was published in the *Triveni* as a portrait of Tyagaraja is really a portrait of Varahur Gopala Bhagavatar.

Gopala Bhagavatar is a well-known name in all places in South India where the traditional 'Bhajana' is still going on. Many 'Bhajana-maths' must have had his portrait and there must have been more than one portrait of his. That published in the *Triveni* is one of those other portraits of Gopala Bhagavatar. The *Triveni* portrait shows the Bhagavatar slightly younger with a recently shaven face, whereas the original in Mr. Bharata Sastry's house which was reproduced in the *Bharati* has an older face with a beard. There is yet another portrait of Gopala Bhagavatar in Mr. Bharata Sastry's possession, in which is painted the same person at a ripe old age, sitting and doing 'Japa' with a red silk rosary in his hand. I am also told by Mr. Bharata Sastry that the Zamindar of Udayarpalayam has in his mansion a big portrait of Gopala Bhagavatar which the Zamindars of that house worship.

We have made the pilgrimage recommended by Mr. Raghavan, and we are convinced that he is right. But the picture published in *Triveni* will always be valued as a rare gem of Indian Art, of the Tanjore School.

The Case for Rejection

By B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA
(Member, Working Committee of the Congress)

' Sow ko sat
Adha gaya not
Thus dethum
Thus dilathum
Thus ki bath
Chodo miya ' —URDU PROVERB.

So much has been said in the past few months since the White Paper and its corollary, the J. P. C. Report, have been published that it seems almost a superfluous task to attempt a detailed presentation of the case for rejection, at this late hour in the day, to your readers. Yet the task set to the writer must be done. English people, traders and statesmen alike, have not failed to perceive our difficulty in India. They do not waste time in arguing that white is black or black is white, but they baldly and boldly point out that ' all white and no black ' makes the reforms a dangerous innovation. But dangerous to whom ? is the question that we ask. Dangerous certainly to the interests of the Englishmen in India. But they join issue with us and they say, repeating the age-long cant to which we are accustomed, that India is not a country but a continent and that there are numerous races and religions always at war with one another in this woe-begone land of ours. Here it is really that they and we differ, and differ fundamentally too. Here also is the key to the situation in which the dual meaning of the phrase ' safeguards in Indian interests ' was accepted as part of the Gandhi-Irwin pact in 1931 by the high contracting parties. It is a wise saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes that, where two opponents differ on fundamentals, it is fruitless to argue a point further. For, the more

they argue the farther away they travel from each other. Our contention is that India, even if she were a minor and a ward, has attained man's estate and must assume charge of affairs exclusively. But the English people argue that such transfer is dangerous alike to their interests as well as ours. Accordingly, in every change they propose to make at this moment, they have made a plan for continuing their guardianship for at least another century. If we can establish by a reference to the details of the Report that this is so, then we need not feel any doubt about rejecting the Report or the Bill altogether. What exactly rejection means has also become a contentious point. But we need not lose time in debating it, for, political situations change from day to day and the uncertainties of the future so often talked of in every branch of life are particularly noticeable in the domain of politics.

At Lahore in 1929 we had demanded complete Independence, and when at Karachi we interpreted complete Independence as the 'substance of Independence,' we showed to the world that we were not merely academic in our view, but that we had a lively sense of the real and the practical. What, however, does the 'substance of Independence' mean? Every ryot knows that he enjoys independence on his own farm. That does not mean that he does not depend upon water that flows from a public channel, or that he need not buy seeds and manures from outside, or that he should not engage labour other than that of the members of his family, or that he could be compelled not to borrow short term or long term money for agricultural purposes. All these conditions are equally applicable to the Indian people, when they claim Independence and deserve to enjoy the substance thereof. For a long time to come, commodities may have to be imported from abroad and the services of experts engaged wherever they must be. Yea, money itself may have to be borrowed from those that can spare it, here or elsewhere, for national purposes. But to say that we cannot ask for an account of the moneys borrowed in our name and at our credit by those who claim to be trustees to our estate, to

demand that all our officers and public servants should be answerable to the trustee for a good long time, to claim that England shall have (preferential) rights in respect of trade and commerce in India, is really not to admit us to a position of equality,—let alone Independence—but to write us down once and for ever as subjects if not as serfs. How else can be explained the safeguards and reservations that occur in such abundance throughout the pages of these reports ? The great war, it was claimed, was fought for establishing the principle of self-determination for small and weak nationalities. But today we have the spectacle of a great country—not merely a great nationality—which had assisted in winning the war and was called upon as a measure of reward to sign the treaty of Versailles, and was made an original member of the League of Nations as well as an integral member of the Commonwealth of the British Empire, being called upon to accept a constitution which is imposed upon it from outside, and is coupled with trade agreements in the formation of which she really has not had a responsible part at any time. Self-determination is really determination of one's own constitution by oneself. Australia did so determine hers and Ireland has done likewise. Joint determination comes next, which was ostensibly the method sought to be adopted by the members of the Round Table Conferences. That too has gone by the board, for the joint memorandum of the Indian delegation has been quietly consigned to the waste paper basket. There remains the third method, which is neither 'self-determination' nor 'joint determination' but '*other determination,*' by which the constitution of a country is settled by people other than its own. India has a right to complain not merely that she has been denied self-determination, but that even joint deliberation, which Lord Irwin and Ramsay MacDonald have visualised in the matter of the Indian constitution, has been deliberately ignored.

Moreover when Gandhi was persuaded to join the second Round Table Conference and the Congress agreed to send him to London, the purpose that was held in view at the

time was that he should negotiate the fundamentals of a treaty between England and India and not the details of a constitution to be granted by England to India. Even today the position remains unchanged, for the need of the hour is not a constitution hammered out in England for India, but a clear understanding of the fundamentals and the conditions on which the constitution is erected. If there is unanimity on the former, there will be no difficulty in shaping the latter. So long as the one is not considered, there can be no success relating to the other. It is a different matter whether India has developed the power to demand such a treaty; a treaty must be made in any case, and if she has not the power to demand, she must wait. In either case the time is not opportune for the formulation of a constitution, and a constitution forced on the country would be—could only be—rejected, as it is either too late or too early.

Another attribute of a satisfactory constitution has been aptly described by no less a personality than Lord Irwin, who said that the constitution of a country should be like the bark of a tree capable of expanding with the growth of the trunk, and not like the habiliments of a person which must be changed by the tailor every time he gains or loses in bulk. This is a virtual translation of the statement that Indians must have the power of altering their constitution from time to time. Two instances of such power occur in the Montford Reforms. It was given to the legislative councils of the provinces to admit women to the rights of the franchise and of candidature, with the result that the women of India were admitted to the rights of franchise and of election in one bound, and they scored a victory in this country with such infinite ease as could not be dreamt of by their sisters in England, who had to organise a whole suffragette movement with all its well known stunts of women throwing themselves across the path of race horses in the Derby and suspending themselves by chains from the balconies of the Houses of Parliament in the midst of their sittings. Another automatic facility that was provided in the Montford Reforms was

that the President of the Assembly and of the councils should be nominated for a period of four years and that thereafter the posts thrown open to election. That has been done, and even the President of the Council of State has become an elected President recently. When we speak of an elastic constitution, we mean that either a provision should be contained in the legislation which might be implemented at a later period, or the constituent powers should be so arranged that the Indian legislature itself should be competent to add to its rights from time to time, at its own risk and peril. The J. P. C. Report does not make provision for either kind of self-adjustment, and this is another reason—and really the supreme reason—for the rejection of any reform based upon such a report.

Now let us traverse the harder ground of positive recommendations from step to step, in the descending or the ascending order, instead of making vague generalisations of an academic character. The Gandhi-Irwin agreement laid down that the future constitution of India should be built upon the three beams of Federation, Central Responsibility and Safeguards in the interests of India, and that the financial commitments of the Government of India should be subject to an investigation by an impartial tribunal representing the British Government and the Indian Congress. Now this solemn agreement had been signed virtually by both parties and therefore is binding equally upon both. Whatever may be said about the renewal of civil disobedience and the lapses on the part of Government in renewing the ordinances, whatever may be said about salt-concessions and their alternate refusal and renewal of them by Government from time to time, there can be no question that this portion of the agreement relating to the beams of the Indian constitution should be considered inviolable. We are, however, told that federation is a remote contingency based upon the accession of the Princes at their own pleasure, to the extent of 50% in the strength or 50% in representation to the Assembly. But in fact it was the Princes themselves that had to bargain for federation on

condition that it should be based upon the grant of central responsibility. Leave this for a moment and consider whether there is a certainty of federation being introduced at any time, for we are told that there should be a formal petition asking for it and that the two Houses of Parliament should pass resolutions supporting it. We know exactly the position of Parliament and the internecine fights that are going on between the parties that compose it. Whether these fights between the Baldwins and the Churchills are real fights or mock-fights, the fact remains that the introduction of the federation is itself a contingency not only of a remote but also of a doubtful character.

Nor is the hope of federation of any avail unless central responsibility is a fact. The question then is whether we are having any central responsibility. What sort of central responsibility is this with which we are dealing here? Again, we are dealing really with a reproduction of the comic side of the constitution drama. Here again we have our old friend—Diarchy. First the Army, External Affairs, and the Ecclesiastical Department are to be wholly reserved subjects. The rest are supposed to be transferred. If federation is conditioned by central responsibility, central responsibility itself is conditioned by safeguards which, it was admitted, must be in the interests of India. Therefore one should have only expected to have a barbed wire fencing placed behind the hedges that limit your compound from that of your neighbour. Instead we have the whole floor covered with it all over the house. If it were so, you would have no dwelling accommodation whatever. While the transferred subjects constitute our dwelling rooms in the edifice of Swaraj, the safeguards constitute the British thicket and hawthorn scattered all over.

Take any transferred subject,—of course the words 'reserved' and 'transferred' are scrupulously avoided in the J. P. C. Report lest it should be said that Diarchy is being re-enacted. In the domain of finance, the Finance Minister is to be *assisted,* which is a euphemism for '*dominated,*' by a

financial adviser who is the intermediary between the Minister and the Governor-General, and whose advice would really be in the nature of a mandate. The Minister selected would therefore necessarily be of the type of *farman bardars* that we are meeting with today in the provincial governments. Then again there is the Minister of Transport, who is to be controlled by a statutory board which is appointed by the Governor-General in his discretion and created by Parliament and not by the authority of the Indian legislature. It is all well and good to speak of the benefits of British rule being visualised in posts and telegraphs and railways. But railways would not carry, posts would not convey, and telegraphs will not communicate men or messages which are not acceptable to the statutory board. During the civil disobedience movement we had experienced these three contingencies. The statutory board would really mountguard not only over the finance but also over the politics of the transferred departments. There remains the Commerce Minister jammed in between a cannon to the right and a cannon to the left and a cannon to the front, volleying and thundering. He cannot accept a tariff measure lest it should injure the interests of the United Kingdom. He *should* hear any representation from England upon any preferential duty, and should not levy a tax upon imported goods which might lower the price of indigenous goods below those of the United Kingdom. No measure such as the coastal shipping measure of Haji can be permitted to be introduced into the central legislature unless the Governor-General has given his prior consent. It is open to any citizen to challenge the validity of any legislative measure before the highest courts of India, and it is laid down that no restrictive regulations relating to capital or directorate on foreign companies in India should be applicable to the British companies in India, past, present, or future. The more we examine the chapter dealing with the commercial safeguards, the more we feel that our future is absolutely at the mercy of British traders. The commercial magnates of the United King-

dom have a free hand in exploring and exploiting the wealth of India, and they are entitled to subsidies and bounties, despite their abundant wealth and experience, in equal measure with the struggling Indian companies, and finally reciprocity is talked of. What kind of reciprocity is it? It seems that if any disabilities are imposed upon Indian traders in the United Kingdom from which British traders, whether companies or individuals, are exempt in India, the exemption enjoyed by the latter would, *pro tanto*, cease to have effect. It is unnecessary to labour the point further. These are not safeguards but deductions from powers that are supposed to be transferred. In fact they are not transferred but reserved, and it would be more honest to say that commerce also is to rank as a reserved subject along with the three already described. We do not have under the new Reforms even the fiscal autonomy which we have been enjoying hitherto. While upto now Government have been undoing some of the fiscal measures passed by the legislature, chiefly those relating to textiles, by counter-moves on the part of the executive, hereafter they will be under no such restraints.

On the top of these we have the Governor-General with the Reserve Bank on one side and the Services on the other, absolutely immune from all popular influences, let alone *control* by popular power. The Governor-General is first a dual personality, and with the words 'in his discretion' following his title he becomes the mouthpiece of His Master's Voice in England. The Report throughout is dotted with this expression which indicates the spikeheads with which the constitution is studded. This is not all. The Bill now before Parliament has introduced a new phrase—'the Governor-General in his judgment.' How the 'discretion' differs from the 'judgment' we know not, nor are the two differently controlled by the Secretary of State, for it is distinctly laid down that both in regard to the exercise of his 'discretion' or his 'judgment' he is subject to the general control as well as the particular instructions of the Secretary of State. But even more surprising and stunning is the provision that the

Governor-General need not act within the four corners of the Statute or the Instrument of Instructions. Says Section 13—(2): 'The validity of anything done by the Governor-General shall not be called in question on the ground that it was done otherwise than in accordance with the Instrument of Instructions.' Then again, the Governor-General's ordinances remain as ever before. He can of course veto bills passed by the legislature and can vote supplies rejected by it. The Services owe their allegiance to his authority, as they owe their position and preferment to his patronage. It is all very well to speak of Crown conventions and parliamentary precedents, but they become a mockery in India and an insult to the Indian nation when all the attributes of real self-government, of which they are the natural traits, are nowhere. In England His Majesty the King may have these and a thousand other prerogatives, but they are there in name and not in reality. We have seen how the vetoing powers of provincial Governors have been in the past pressed into service in the very first year of the Montford Reforms, when in Madras the Russelkonda Saw Mills were saved by the bureaucracy from the wrath of the legislature. Crown conventions are only conventions when the Crown itself is the social head of a democracy as in England. But they become inescapable invasions of popular rights when the Crown exercises a personal and absolute rule as in India.

We have spoken of the Governor-General being buttressed by the Services on the one side and the Reserve Bank on the other. It is laid down that the Indian Civil Service and the Indian Police Service must continue to be recruited in England as heretofore and their privileges and prerogatives should be continued unimpaired. What are these privileges and prerogatives? The Ministers have no hand in transferring or posting any member of the Imperial Services, and instead the Governor-General and the Governors are the sole authorities in this behalf. The emoluments of the All India Services cannot be interfered with in any way, and for as long as they serve they *must* continue to enjoy privileges of pay and pension and

promotion as if no change had taken place in the Indian Constitution. An examination of the existing privileges, the continuance of which is guaranteed to the All India and Provincial Services (as set forth in the appendix to the White Paper which is practically applicable to the J. P. C. Report), would reveal how the All India Services have been made the real masters in the country and how the Ministers are utterly powerless to deal with them in any manner whatever. Indeed their salaries, pensions, and payments on appeal are made wholly non-votable, and it is not possible even to keep vacant any All India post for more than three months. Nor can we add to the cadre any post which may adversely affect any officer, nor can we even appoint a specialist if it is thought that such an appointment will affect the interests of the All India Services prejudicially.

We have dealt with the safeguards at length because they abridge the so-called central responsibility upon which the wheel of federation revolves. We may wind up the story with a recital of what Sir John Simon and his Committee had recommended regarding the Army. The Army in India, they said, should be divided into an Imperial section maintained by England and an Indian section which is a charge on India. But all this has gone; not that it is large in itself, but that even the little contemplated by Sir John has vanished. Such is the central responsibility that has been constituted in the J.P.C. Report, and upon these boggy foundations of clay and slush and mud, is to be built at a future date the edifice of federation, with the brick and stone of the Princes and the mortar cement of the People of India. One wonders how these can be cemented. Let us study the aspects of the constitutional architecture for a moment.

The Governor-General is in the first place supported by the authority created by the phrase, 'In his own discretion.' Then a Reserve Bank is carved out for him which is to be at his beck and call; and whereas hitherto the legislature has had something to do with the discussions relating to currency and exchange problems, now both these are taken away from the

purview of the popular Assembly, and made the exclusive concern of the Reserve Bank manned by the Government's men. The Reserve Bank's directorate is to be composed of sixteen Directors of whom only eight are to be elected, while out of the remaining eight, four are to be officials and four nominated non-officials. Thus a half of the directorate is to be nominated. Here again it will be argued that the procedure adopted is only in conformity with the procedure in vogue in all civilised countries. It may be so. But is not the constitution and are not the powers of the Reserve Bank unlike those obtaining in *such self-governing countries.*? Here the Reserve Bank will virtually be influenced and managed by the European exchange banks in India, and the Governor-General himself has the sole power to appoint four of its Directors. The shareholders with five shares have the right of voting. The White Paper at least had laid down that the constituent powers would authorise the Indian legislature to alter the structure of the Reserve Bank. But the J.P.C. Report has laid it down that neither the structure nor the functions of the Bank can be altered by the Indian legislature. In the aggregate then you have an Army that is at the bidding of the Governor-General, and a Reserve Bank that answers the call of the European financial interests, as the rural credit section has all but vanished except in name. We need not spend much time upon discussing the position and the powers of the central legislature when central responsibility itself has really been resolved into Diarchy answerable to the Secretary of State. The question of the voting strength of the popular power of the legislature need not bother us at all. It may be presumed that they are so designed as to subserve the interests of the reserved departments; and when the Army, consuming nearly a third of the central revenue, is reserved the Governor-General must necessarily have an official bloc, maybe under a different name, to answer his purposes. The old nominated bloc is replaced by the Princes bloc today, and the old dodge of playing one group against another is made possible by the device of indirect election which is introduced

into the central legislature,—the several groups of representatives always acting one against another and all acting upto the behests of the Governor-General. We shall not weary the readers with the detailed discussion of the numbers with which the legislatures are constituted. The extension of franchise has thus been neutralised by the method of indirect election and the Princes' bloc. Thus is India saved for the British bureaucracy and for British commerce for at least a century to come. And when we find that the Reforms will cost India a huge sum of between ten and twenty crores of rupees, we can only exclaim: 'The game is not worth the candle!'

There is a complaint regarding the absence of reference to 'Dominion Status.' No sensible draftsman would associate such arbitrary powers of the Governor-General with Dominion Status, in being or in action. What should be really regretted in this behalf is not that there is no reference in the Bill to Dominion Status, but that those powers which India virtually enjoyed as a 'Dominion' have been expressly taken away by specific provisions in the Bill. Let us refer to some in passing. Hitherto, it was a moot question whether the legislature can summon a member like Sarat Chandra Bose before the bar of the House; now the power is specifically taken away. Hitherto, a Sarat Chandra Bose could contest a seat from behind the bars of the prison; hereafter anyone undergoing a sentence cannot even be a candidate. Take the shipping rights. When Haji's Bill was introduced, the matter was referred to the Law officers of the Crown by Government as to whether such a measure could be introduced, and they opined in favour of Haji, following the analogy of the Dominions. Now the power is altogether taken away. Thirdly, let us take currency. It is the undoubted and undisputed right of every country to fix the monetary value of its own currency. But in India the legislature is deprived of such powers. Fourthly, the right of imposing restrictions on the formation of foreign companies is another such indefeasible right which has been taken away by the Bill, and which is referred to at

length elsewhere. Then there is the question of railway rates; railways are a transferred subject under a Minister, but railway rates cannot be altered or determined by the legislature. Fifthly, the disqualifications arising from election offences of a candidate for the legislature, as hitherto in existence, may be abated by order of the Governor-General, but this existing power is taken away in the new Bill. In effect then, these safeguards are really deprivations of powers,—not kept in reserve to be exercised by the Governor-General as against Ministers, but powers of which the Governor-General is himself deprived. In the domain of the judicial administration, the existing powers of the High Courts are altogether retrenched. Section 107 of the Government of India Act invests the High Courts with *general powers of supervision* over all the subordinate tribunals, including the Special Tribunals and Criminal Law Amendment Act Courts. The words 'powers of supervision' are altered into 'powers of administrative supervision,' so that the judicial powers are converted into merely administrative powers. Again the High Courts have now an effective voice in the appointment of District Judges, though in reality it is the Government that makes them. This is taken away from the High Courts. The Chief Justiceship is thrown open to Civilian Judges. Finally, there is a clause which says that no reserved subject can be transferred in relation to the Federal States unless the State concerned gives its consent.

An impartial study of the Statutory Report would not be complete without a word being said regarding the provinces. Here the Governors are levelled up to the position of the Governor-General for purposes of ordinance-making, side by side with the transfer of all provincial subjects to popular Ministers. Of course there are deductions at the bottom—deductions from the transfer; and there are concessions at the top—concessions to autocracy. Hereafter the Governors will have equal authority with the Governor-General, directly enacting ordinances; and the Governors' powers of appointing Ministers are to be regulated, not by those uplifting

traditions associated with parliamentary government and cabinet formations, but in accordance with the policy of forming groups in place of parties and recognising communities in place of policies. A subtle suggestion is made in the J. P. C. Report that the Governors do select the Ministers not from the majority party, but from groups; and it will not be possible when Ministers are so selected to table a motion of censure on them, for each group would be anxious to keep its own man in office, and will be told that by the motion that particular group is sought to be penalised. This means the end of all corporate responsibility among the Ministers. In addition to this, the Governor is supported by a super-secretary who plays the part of a mentor or monitor to the class of Ministers, having free access to their deliberations, conveying them all faithfully to his master, the Governor. The Ministers are thus paralysed, for, on the slightest hint of the Ministers leaning towards the popular will, the Governor can bring his steam hammer of veto and crush the legislature in one thud. This however is a potential power, but it is directly put down that Police rules are to be excluded from the purview of the Minister concerned, and so is the C. I. D. The Inspector-General of Police is made the super-minister for Law and Order actually, and if we may lift the veil from the mystery of this arrangement, we shall see in all its nakedness the Diarchy of old, so far as Law and Order is concerned. Mr. Montagu started the idea of framing an Instrument of Instructions, but it was to be a departmental affair with no statutory authority behind it. The J. P. C. Report has made an improvement upon the Montford Report and made the Instrument of Instructions statutory. It will require the action of Parliament to abate the authority of this Instrument by a jot or tittle, and this constitution has been declared by Sir Samuel Hoare as intended to serve India for a generation. We may take it that it is meant to serve India for a century. The more we study the Report, the more we are compelled to admire the ingenuity of the British statesmen. It is said that the Orien-

tals are a subtle people, but none can beat these English merchants in the science and art of bargaining. It is difficult to write with patience upon a report such as this. It is a direct affront to a whole nation which has its birthrights. There are those who say that half a loaf is better than no bread, but what are we to say to those who place in your hands a stone in place of a slice of bread! No amount of mastication and insalivation can sweeten this petrified stuff, and everyone in India knows that it has to be rejected without reservations of any character. It is our right to get the sixteen annas in the rupee or our hundred per cent. But as the debtor in the Urdu proverb quoted at the beginning says, the Englishman also says that, out of the hundred, only sixty is payable, and of this, half is gone by rebate. 'Out of the balance of thirty, I pay you ten and shall cause another ten to be paid; and as for the remaining ten—what of it, give it up, master!'

The Last Act

Nothing matters any more :
On the tired face of pain
I have bravely shut the door,
I who cannot love again.
Have my hopes been all denied ?
Are my dreams unsatisfied ?
Have I then for years and years
Loved and longed for you in vain ?

Like a tomb I lie apart,—
It is truly very strange
How this restless human heart
Could have undergone this change.
Nothing makes me restless now :
On my calm unruffled brow
You can touch tranquillity
Of a highborn mountain range.

Nothing matters more to me
Who am dead to joy and grief ;
Like an uncomplaining tree
Widowed utterly of leaf,
Beggared of all bloom, I stand
Empty heart and empty hand. . . .
Winter-whiteness creeps across
Me whose Spring was very brief.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

Written at Vikarabad,
25th Sept. 1931

Masumatti

(A Story)

By Masti Venkatesa Iyengar

(Translated from *Kannada* by Navaratna Rama Rao)

[My grandfather was Mr. Courtenay's Judicial clerk—or 'Jodi shawl Sheristedar,' as we call that official, substituting words we know for unfamiliar ones. Quite recently, while rummaging among old *daftars* in my house to sort out useless papers for destruction, I happened upon a file of documents relating to my grandfather's days, and found among them part of a diary kept by Mr. Courtenay. I had seen Mr. Courtenay, and have dim recollections of a gift or two of sweetmeats from him. He was a good and kindly man. I opened his diary at random, and glanced over a few pages. What I saw there made me read the whole of it. I did so forthwith, for it was short and I could finish it at a sitting. It interested me, and I give it in the hope it may interest you.]

There is a beautiful story current among Hindus. After slaying Ravana, Sri Rama, it is said, meant to go to Lanka to place Vibhishana on the throne, but at the gate of the conquered city he saw a lovely sapphire, which awakened in him such strong desire that his mind misgave him as to the temptations that awaited within. This made him forbear to enter, and send Lakshmana instead, to attend to the business of installation.

This country is as Lanka to us—but, alas ! we are not as Rama. It is as though the call, 'Give up all and follow me', has been really the lure of wealth, for, from the very outset, our intercourse with this country has led to the gradual transfer of its substance to us. We never see a beautiful object here, but we wish to take it home.

This is what set me thinking of this. My sister Emily and her husband have come on a visit and are spending a few

days with me. John Farquhar loves this land—I know none other of our people who loves it so well. He knows the people, their speech, and their ways. He knows all that is best in this hoary civilisation ; he understands and loves the sculptured perfection of these temples. To name him is to recall his services in interpreting this country to ours,—in giving to our people an idea of the beauty of this age-long culture, and the wonderful way in which it endures and permeates the everyday lives of this people. He has visited all places where there is anything to see,—ancient temples and monasteries, remains of palaces and royal dynasties; and everywhere he has sought and seen old pictures, antique statues, ancient works of art. His heart has gone out to all he saw, and whoso reads his glowing pages must understand and appreciate, even as he did. The people of India must feel grateful to him ; and in all he has done, Emily has been with him and has learnt to love this country.

Farquhar has got together a fairly large number of pictures and statues from wherever he could beg or buy them, and it is his hope to form a museum of his own when his collection is complete. On their way to me, they visited the Ajanta caves, and Farquhar could talk of nothing else; but Emily was so silent that I asked her why. She was quite delighted, she said; yet there was a thing that made her sad. What thing? I asked.

'Oh, hardly a *thing*,' she said, 'a mere thought, perhaps no more than a fancy. I said to myself—these excellent men who painted—couldn't they have painted on paper or canvas? For so, we could have bought the pictures, at whatever price, and called them ours, and taken them home. Whatever made them paint on rocks to awaken but mock our wishes?'

I smiled, for what Emily said seemed quite natural and proper, coming as it did from a laudable enthusiasm for Indian art. To desire the beautiful is, I suppose, human nature.

The talk came round to the temples and places of historical interest in my division.

'I have heard there's a place called Masumatti in your division,' said Farquhar, 'and I am told there's a man there that has some splendid old pictures. (He proceeded to give the man's name and other details.) I should like to get a picture or two from him if I can. Do you think you can help me?'

I consented, for I was only too glad to help in anything which could make the world see the true greatness of this country. And so we went to Masumatti yesterday.

Masumatti is now a mere hamlet—it has decayed as far as the village can decay without becoming *bechirakh* (lightless), the word by which these people denote the night desolation of an uninhabited village. Besides the few straggling houses in the outskirts, there are but four or five in the village itself. The inhabitants are all cultivators. When I had gone there a few days earlier, I had met an old man sunning himself on the verandah of his house. I asked him why the village had come to this pass. I don't know how it happens—but these people, even the humblest, have a grasp of basic truths, and there is philosophy in their ordinary talk. Their peasants have the manners of princes, and there is a deep inward peace in their everyday lives. Well, when I asked the old man why his village was decayed,

'All towns have to decay,' he answered.

'But,' said I, 'there are some that grow?'

'They grow in growing time, and that over, they decay.'

'Had your town ever a growing time?' I asked. It was a foolish question, but I wanted to get the old man to talk of his village. He smiled as he made answer:

'Can age come unless youth have gone before?'

And then he went on to say that this crumbling village had been the far-famed *Mahishmati-nagara* of the Puranas where Kartavirya Arjuna had once reigned in his glory, and where hundreds of royal houses had succeeded him and flourished and fallen in their turn; till finally it had been overwhelmed fighting against Mussalman invaders and dwindled into a hamlet. It had continued on its downward way till,

as I could see, there were but four houses left. It seemed strange to identify this all but *bechirakh* village with the Mahishmati of ancient story, but the old man had no doubt whatever on the subject. He showed me a stone *mantap* where Arjuna of the thousand arms had been wont to take his exercise. He showed me likewise the pond where the hero used to perform his daily ablutions, and the temple where he rendered daily worship. He told me of a *mantap* where Ravana had been held prisoner, and made to dance for the amusement of the Mahishmati people, as a great glittering ten-headed monster. The captive had at first refused to perform, but Arjuna had struck him so, that he started up in rage and pain striking ten dents, with his ten heads, into the stone ceiling of the prison. The dents—the old man said—could be seen to this day. That is the way with these people. No village is too small or insignificant to be worthy of association with gods and heroes, and the days are not past when divine beings trod the earth. This old man was only talking as is usual with him and his sort; but, no doubt, this village had been a mighty town in its day. Look at the *mantap*, for instance, which had been the many-armed hero's gymnasium, and at the multi-pillared prison of the Rakshasa. They were low-roofed to be sure; but what immense stones, what solidity and cleanness of build! This surely was the work of no feeble men. The pond, which had been Arjuna's bathing place, was a hundred and fifty yards square, with broad steps of dressed stone, so well planed and so truly jointed that the thousands of years which had desolated countries and destroyed dynasties had wrought hardly a change in the structure. This was without a doubt the work of builders who had gloried in their skill, and known the joy of creating beautiful structures. There is yet a little water in that pond, and it laps the foot of the same tier of steps all round, so justly have they been built, and so little has time touched them. And then that temple. To eyes accustomed to the exquisite lines of Greek art, and the massive majesty of our own architecture, there is at first a disappointing sense of some-

thing crude and inconsequential in Indian building and sculpture; but take a temple as a whole, and the effect is far from unsatisfying. This temple I am speaking of is of the usual type—carefully built and finished; the slabs and stones fitted with workman-like neatness and precision. It is still in a fair state of preservation. There is an image in the temple, but no worship has taken place for years.

And in the village itself, there are long lines of crumbling foundations of what must have been palatial houses, laid out in streets, in the goodly order of a well-planned town. My old friend pointed out what had been the Brahmana street; another row of ruins had been the jeweller's street, and so on ....

Now, mere emptiness and silence; even the imagination can hardly people that wilderness of crumbling walls.

When yesterday I made enquiries about the pictures my brother-in-law wished to see, I found that my old friend was the owner of them. We sent for him. He came out, and saluting us with old world courtesy, begged us to enter. This man had a lofty graciousness which seemed to spring from an innate nobility of soul.

'Are you Mr. Krishnayya?' asked Farquhar.

'Yes, sir.'

'I have some business with you; that's why we came.'

'I am at your service.'

'I have heard that you have some beautiful old pictures. I have come to see them if I may.'

'I haven't many, but such as I have you are welcome to see. Pray come in and be seated.'

We took our seats in the *hazara*-hall. The old gentleman went in and brought a few pictures. They were painted with very ordinary colours on indifferent canvas made by laying some waxy paste on cloth. The lines were flowing and graceful. Some pictures looked as though parts had been erased and re-drawn, while others remained as they had come from the inspired mind of the artist. His touch must have been wonderfully light and sure. One of them was a

picture of Gopalakrishna. A look at it sufficed to tell you how real Gopalakrishna must have been to the artist.

What words can express the beauty of the pose, the daintiness of the fingers which held the flute to the wooing lips, the infinite tenderness of the eyes! The body was gracefully poised on one foot, so that the garland hung a little aslant on the bosom. All this is easy to describe, but who can describe the atmosphere of rapt and silent absorption—as though all sound, all sense, all nature, had been merged and lost in an infinite harmony,—the listening stillness of the trees, the various pose of cow and calf surprised and spell-bound in the act of grazing or gambol, the ecstatic groups of gods and *rishis* and *gopikas*? This man, surely, saw his God as he painted Him! Emily and Farquhar were in raptures.

'Whose work is this?'

'My grandfather's.'

'He had genius!'

'My family has not produced such another.'

'Did he paint other pictures?'

'Oh, he painted a good many; but they were most of them like this one, pictures of Gopalakrishna. He delighted in making pictures of the god. Well, he painted, and painted .... and this is what remains of it all.'

The old man went in and brought out a *daftar* which we found to contain a number of pictures of the god, differing but little from one another. Some were almost replicas of one another, while others differed only in general effect. There were sixteen of them altogether.

'He made them—and he put each by sadly, as not quite the Vision that had been vouchsafed to him. Then he began another. Finally he had this,—the one you have already seen.'

Farquhar looked up with interest.

'Did he say he was satisfied that this picture expressed his vision?' he asked.

'No. A few days later, he started painting another. I heard that, before he put his hand to it, he was for ten or twelve days wrapped up in worship and meditation. It was a

strange life, sir, my grandfather's. At the end of that time he started up from meditation crying, "My God is come!" and bade his wife bring cocoanuts, and flowers, and fruit for worship. Then he sat down to paint. The day was far stepped into the afternoon, and he was still at his picture. Later, his elder brother who had finished his daily worship, came and sat silently near him. All the children—and my grandmother who being big with my father was not allowed to remain fasting—had long since finished their meal. My grandfather and his brother were the only people who hadn't dined. It was almost evening, and my grandfather continued working at his picture. Then came a cry that the marauders were upon us. The gates were closed, and the whole town swarmed to the ramparts. My grandfather was a man of great courage. He rose up saying, "Perhaps it is not God's pleasure that this picture should be finished today", and with a lingering look at it, he seized his bow and quiver, and went out. Our women, it seems, begged my grandfather to dine before going out; but he only laughed and said that the meal might wait, but the fight would not, and so went out. His brother also said, "Never mind, he'll be coming back presently", and waited for him. I have heard that my grandfather so far yielded to the importunities of the women as to eat one of the plantains used for worship, and that was all. The raiders were in great force, and we were but few; the wiser part would have been to bribe them to leave us alone, to which they would have been nothing loath, and some there were that counselled this course; but my grandfather was a man of spirit, and with a few men of like heart, he ran up and down the ramparts seeking to organise defence. Some robber marked him, and shot him down with a matchlock. Presently help came to us from our men who hastened back from their fields to defend their home, and we beat off the marauders. When it was all over, they brought my grandfather home. The bullet had entered his breast, and there was no more than a faint spark of life when they brought him in. They say he opened his eyes once and said, "Oh, yes, I'll

come back presently, for I must finish my picture", and his spirit passed. I think his mind had gone back to his leaving the picture to go to the fight. My granduncle, who was so much the elder that he had been a father to my grandfather, beat his breast and cried, "Oh my boy, Oh my boy, could I not give you a mouthful of food before sending you to your death!" and he was broken-hearted. To make a sad story short, they cremated him and performed his obsequies, but my granduncle was never the same man again. He spent most of his time at the door as though in expectation of somebody; and as he oldened, he took to muttering strange things such as, "No, he won't come", "Who knows what was in his mind?", "Oh, but he will!" and so he too passed away.'

The old man ceased, and we respected his silence. After a while, Farquhar said in a low voice :

'Where's the picture he painted that day?'

'It is inside.'

'Won't you kindly show it to us?'

'I have heard my elders say it should not be shown.'

'Why?'

'It is unfinished, and there may be faults in it. People might say it is not a good piece of work, and that would vex a workman. It might lower the artist in the estimation of people.'

'My dear sir, your artist was a hero and a genius, and has nothing to fear from detractors,—and we are not detractors. Do let us see the picture.'

'Very well then, so be it. I doubt whether I should have shown it if you had come by yourselves, but I cannot disoblige a lady, and she is eager to see. There was yet another reason—a very fanciful reason it may seem to you—why my granduncle was unwilling to let this picture be seen. His brother's last words had been that he would come again and finish the picture, and my granduncle believed he would do so.'

'Did your grandfather say he would come back?'

'Well, so at least they understood him. And it grew

into a feeling in our house that our grandfather would be reborn in our midst to complete his picture. We did not wish to show it to others till he had come back and completed it. When my father was born, it is said my grand-uncle anxiously watched him for evidences of his father's genius, as a token that he had come again in his son to take up the unfinished work. But no. When I came, he looked for them in me. But again, no. He said, " My brother was a boy of his word ; he is sure to come some day ; take good care of the picture ", and so he died. My father showed it once to our *guru*, and now I show it again as something in the lady's face makes me feel I might show it to her.'

He went inside the house again and brought two pictures of which he placed one before us.

I was spell-bound by the picture. There was magic in each line,—and I despair to convey it in words. It was as though the artist had caught and fixed the air, all tremulous and undulating with the music of the flute. Though the details were as in the other pictures we had seen, there was yet some indefinable difference which made it instinct with life and unearthly beauty. Emily gazed on it in breathless rapture.

'Is this the unfinished picture?' she asked at last.

'No. This other—' and he spread out the second picture before us.

'My God!' said Emily with a gasp.

We looked at it in silence for a while. It was a supreme picture.

'What did the artist intend painting below this cow, I wonder?' said Farquhar when he found his voice. There was a faint wavy line or two as of an outline commenced and broken off.

'I don't know. It was just as he was about to fill the canvas there that the alarm came, and he went out to die.'

I looked again, and it seemed to me that the artist had meant to put in another cow there ; but one couldn't be sure. Emily was still regarding the picture in silence. I asked the

old man if no one had hazarded a guess as to what the artist's intention might have been.

'There is my daughter's little boy,' said the old man; 'he said something. Nobody else could make anything of it.'

'Sir,' said Farquhar, 'if you could sell me that picture, I would take it home with me and make your grandfather's name famous in my country. Will you give it to me?'

'Sir, how can I? My granduncle forbade us even to show it!'

'It is not for my own use or pleasure that I ask it,—it is to secure to your grandfather the recognition that is his due. It is for the glory of your village and your country.'

'But what if he returns as he promised?'

'Who? Your grandfather? Venerable sir, can you for a moment believe it? Just think!'

'What matters our thinking?' rejoined the old man. 'He knows best who promised. It is clearly our duty to keep the picture here waiting for him—and that was the wish of our elders also. The rest is as God wills.'

Farquhar merely said, 'All right, but please think about it again. We aren't in a hurry. We shall come again, in four or five days, and shall be very pleased to hear your decision.'

Emily did not seem to have heard this talk. She suddenly looked up from the picture.

'Shall I tell you what was in the artist's mind to paint here?'

'Do,' I said.

'It seems to me,' said Emily, with a flush on her cheeks, 'it seems to me there should have been here a calf on its eager way to the mother's milk, held in mid-career, and fed with the Divine melody. Whoso is fed with milk—even mother's milk—hungers again; but the nectar from the flute fills for evermore. Look, how all things in the picture show that the melody has just begun. The other picture is conventional; this one has seized the moment when the music began.'

'Then what my grandchild said was true!' exclaimed the old man.

'What did he say?' we cried.

'He said, "Look how the Lord has even now conceived a thought, and raised the flute to his lips to give it expression. See how the first notes have enchanted the air, and look at this calf surprised on its way to the mother, and fed with music sweeter than milk!" That was what the boy said. And that is what Madam here says now.'

We marvelled at the boy's justness of perception; for really, the air seemed thrilling with music, and there was dawning inspiration on the brow of the Divine flutist.

Farquhar said:

'Bring up this boy of yours to be a painter,—believe me he will make a great one. Tell us when we come again four days hence whether you will give us the picture.'

Emily said nothing. Presently we rose to go, and the old gentleman saw us off with the usual parting gift of betel leaves and nut.

But we have no thought now of going there again for the picture. We still want it as keenly as ever; and it is also possible the old man may not resist the temptation of a high price,—but we shall not go, and this is why.

On our way back, Emily sat for a while on the stone steps of Kartavirya's pond. Farquhar fetched out our tiffin basket and we had tea.

'What a beautiful pond!' said Emily.

'Beautiful enough,' I replied, 'but there isn't much water in it now; and look, some fellow has prised off a few stones over there, to build an ugly little house with, very probably.'

'Oh brother,' she said, 'does it not occur to you that we are doing very much the same kind of thing? There isn't much water in the pond, it is true; but the pond itself is here nevertheless; and if only some one cared for it, and saw that weeds did not spring up and loosen the joints, some day—perhaps years hence—when water came, the pond would be

there to hold it. I can almost hear the tinkling anklets and toe-rings of the generations of sweet joyous girls who must have passed up and down these beautiful steps. They may come again—as water may come again—if but the pond continued whole and good; but once pull out the stones, deface and desecrate the pond, and lo! it is but an ugly ditch which all will shun, and which can only become noisome with the return of water!'

'Quite true, Emily, but what are you driving at?'

'What? Do you ask? Why, this: We take away this picture because it is good, that statue because it is beautiful, and that other thing because it is desirable, and then what remains to this unfortunate country when she comes to herself, I should like to know? What shall we have done fór her?'

'But don't you see we take these things only to proclaim the greatness of this country to the world, and not through mere lust of possession?'

'Much good will that kind of fame be to her! You tell this man to make his little boy a painter, and you take away his picture. Is that doing him a great lot of good?'

We got on our horses, and rode slowly homewards. After we had gone some little way Emily said to me:

'Have you heard, brother, of a belief among these people that sometimes the soul goes wandering forth from its body, leaving it temporarily untenanted, but intending to return to it. It may happen that, in the interval, some other spirit usurps that body to the deprivation of its proper owner.'

I said I had heard of such a belief.

'They call it *entry into another's body*. Now supposing a soul leaves its body for a while purposing to return, if this body should be hidden away or disfigured beyond recognition so that the soul returning cannot find or know it, how forlornly that homeless soul must wander in space!'

'True, but what a fancy!'

'Brother, it seems to me that the lovely body they call *Bharata Mata* (Mother India) is now in a trance, and that her children are seated weeping about her. But even now, her

brow is flushing with the return of the soul. Shall we now deface her frame, deprive her of the things she holds sacred and beautiful, her necklace and rings and bracelets, with the result that the returning soul cannot recognise its own tenement? Is it not just as though we had rapt the body away? The mother's soul may return wishing to wipe her children's tears, but what if the body be not there? Shall we orphan her children? I don't think we ought to do this!'

And Emily's eyes filled with tears. Farquhar looked away; his thoughts had probably gone to little George, and he pictured Emily in a trance and George waiting beside her. We rode home in silence, and decided this morning that we should not try to acquire that picture.

This occurrence has confirmed to me another thought I have had for some time. It may be that we can substitute our civilisation for the one these people have lost, but this would be really the usurpation by an alien soul of a body which is waiting for the return of its own.

The Indian Constitutional Experiment

By M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.,

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(1)

India has become a laboratory for Englishmen to make constitutional experiments. They have developed a special technique for this purpose. Every experiment is being preceded by an exhaustive enquiry by commissions and special committees, by voluminous reports from the Government of India and provincial governments, and by representations from interested parties and groups. Piles of data are collected, and with the help of experts final conclusions are drawn from them to form the basis of a fresh scheme of government. But it is curious to find that in spite of these mountains of labour a solution to the constitutional problem has not been discovered. Within a short period of twenty-five years two constitutions were framed for the country, tested, and finally given up as hopelessly inadequate. Englishmen are now engaged in framing a third constitution. The Minto-Morley Reforms were introduced in 1909 and extraordinary claims were made for them, even though they were condemned by the politically-minded classes of India as unsuited to the requirements of the country. Their criticism was then brushed aside—as is being done now—as originating from political extremism. But within eight years after the inauguration of these reforms, Parliament itself had to come out with a new policy enunciated in the famous declaration of August 1917 and pass a new Government of India Act in 1919. This Act was put into effect with a blow of trumpets and the new machine of Diarchy began its work. Its shortcomings became clear within a very brief period of its existence, and a Statutory

(Simon) Commission had to be appointed in 1927 and entrusted with the work of making an exhaustive enquiry into the whole subject of the form of government best suited for the people of India. The conclusions of their report have been examined and re-examined during a period of five years, and their essence is to be found in the Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee, on the basis of which a new scheme of government is shortly to be introduced.

There is nothing, however, to show that the latest experiment is going to succeed any better or have a longer lease of life than its predecessors. For it is the outcome of a series of reports which start with the same hypothesis, elaborate the same set of arguments, and arrive fundamentally at the same conclusions as the reports that preceded the legislation of 1909 and 1919. Everyone of these reports contains a chapter on 'The Conditions of the Indian Problem' which forms the starting point for constitution-making. The analysis of these conditions made in 1907 is not different from that contained in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1918, or the Simon Commission Report of 1930, or the Joint Parliamentary Committee Report of 1934. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report, for instance, states thus: 'Two dominating conditions will be quickly apparent to any one who turns to the records and reports. One is that the immense masses of the people are poor, ignorant and helpless, far beyond the standards of Europe; and the other is that there runs through Indian society a series of cleavages of religion, race and caste—which constantly threaten its solidarity, and of which any wise political scheme must take serious heed.' The Simon Commission has not a different tale to tell after the lapse of twelve years. 'The immense area and population of India, the diversities of race, creed and caste, the existence of the Indian States, the predominance in numbers of the rural population, the high percentage of illiteracy, and the standing menace of the North-West frontier, are all facts which no person, British or Indian, who has to deal with the constitutional problem of India can possibly

ignore.' The Joint Parliamentary Committee echoes the same idea: 'It is inhabited by many races and tribes, speaking a dozen main languages and over two hundred minor dialects, and often as distinct from one another in origin, tradition and manner of life as are the nations of Europe.' These are the factors of the Indian situation that count with Englishmen and nothing else impresses them. The underlying unity of India, and the growth of political consciousness and of national aspirations do not appeal to them as being really significant. It is their blindness to the new facts in the situation that is really responsible for the failure of the constitutional experiments that they have so far made. From these failures one is forced to conclude that their analysis of the relevant facts is wrong, that they have not made the right approach to the problem, and that they may not have even the capacity to see the more important facts. Otherwise there is no reason why the constitutional superstructure which they have been raising is found to require such frequent remodelling.

Nothing like this has happened in those other parts of the British Empire like Canada, Australia, South Africa and Ireland where the constitutional problem was similar in character, so far as the relations between them and England were concerned. Canada and Australia are vaster in size than India; there is much diversity of race, language and religion in Canada as well as in South Africa. But the Canadian Constitution is as old as 1867. No need has arisen to bring about a change in it. The Australian Constitution goes back to 1900 and the South African Constitution to 1910.

One conclusion that emerges from this brief survey is that, until the time is ripe for the making of an Indian Constitution in India itself instead of in London—and the constitutions of Canada, Australia, South Africa and Ireland were not made in London—the stage of experimentation will not be over and stability cannot be introduced into any scheme of government that may be framed. The problem in India at present is entirely political. The question that requires an

answer is, 'Who should have the ultimate political power?' Until an answer is found for this, the question of constitution-making which concerns itself with the devising of a satisfactory machinery for the exercise of political power cannot be said to really arise.

(2)

Constitutional experiments became necessary in India during this century because of the failure of those in power to discharge their responsibilities properly. It is this that has brought about an agitation for the transfer of power into the hands of other people, who may be reasonably expected to make a better use of it. The English bureaucracy in India has been in undisputed control over the affairs of the country for at least a century. No bureaucracy in the world had at any time the same splendid opportunities for promoting the welfare of the masses. Its sway was unquestioned; people had implicit faith in it. There was no opposition to it till very recently. There was no politically-minded class to contest with it for popular favour. The century during which they enjoyed all this unquestioned authority has been the most progressive century in the history of mankind. In their own home, England, liberal ideas were exercising their utmost influence. Mechanical inventions were being made use of to develop the material prosperity of the nation. Education became widespread. The standard of life was raised. The power-State became transformed into the welfare-State. This was the work of Englishmen in England. What about their work in India? The English bureaucracy of India who were the products of English Public Schools and English Universities, and who were imbued with the high traditions of English public life, satisfied themselves merely with the preservation of order in this country. Here is the picture of India drawn by the Joint Parliamentary Committee: 'The great majority of the people of India derive their living from the soil and practise for the most part a traditional and self-sufficient agriculture. . . .

The average standard of living is low and can scarcely be compared even with that of the more backward countries of Europe. Literacy is rare outside urban areas, and even in these the number of literates bears but a small proportion to the total population.' No stronger evidence is required to point out the complete failure of the present holders of power to avail themselves of the glorious opportunities they had during all these years. This is at the root of all contemporary political agitation in India.

It is the common opinion held by most Englishmen that the backwardness of the people is the result of the peculiar geographical, social and economic conditions of the country and not of the system of government, that no government can control these conditions, remove the defects in them and do away with the backwardness of the people. But this is a wrong reading of the place of politics in the well-being of a community. Progress is always the result of a harmonious working of political, economic and social factors in a country. Each of them helps the others and is helped by them. None by itself is self-sufficient. For the better ordering of society and for the removal of social and economic ills, the State is essential. It represents force and power without which the opposing and conflicting elements in the community which stand in the way of progress cannot become reconciled. Historians are fond of praising the doctrine of neutrality observed by certain governments—especially imperialistic governments. But no doctrine has proved so harmful as this. In most cases it is only a euphemism for indifference and for toleration of social abuses and for a love of ease and comfort on the part of those in authority. The State has a positive duty in promoting the country's well-being. If countries in the West and a country like Japan in the East have attained such a high level of progress, it is not because all of them had no social or economic drawbacks but because governments in them have been energetic in removing those drawbacks and developing the countries in the right direction.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Joint Parlia-

mentary Committee has realised this. It points out that, 'In the sphere of social administration, it is evident that a point has been reached where further progress depends upon the assumption by Indians of real responsibility for Indian social conditions.' But the Committee does not go far enough. It has taken only a limited view of the requirements of the situation. For, what is true of Indian social conditions is equally true of Indian economic and Indian political conditions. Progress in every one of these fields—and not merely in the social sphere—depends entirely on the assumption of real responsibility by Indians themselves. All these are mutually interdependent. To set up one authority to regulate social conditions and another to regulate economic conditions and a third to regulate political conditions is to make the governmental system weak and inefficient, introduce mutual conflict among the different authorities and prevent their action from producing right results. The life of the community is an organic unity. Different kinds of action are required to properly regulate it. Governmental action is one of them, and unless there is a unified government set up for this purpose the very objects of regulation are sure to be defeated.

(3)

The central defect of the constitutional experiment outlined by the Joint Parliamentary Committee—and this it shares with the previous experiments—lies essentially in this attempt at the compartmentalisation of government. It creates an artificial division where what is required is unity; and the basis on which it has brought about the division is an irrational one. It proceeds to set up two governments—one to be the custodian of power and the other to be held responsible for the promotion of social and economic welfare. The custodians of the instruments of power—the army, the navy, police, etc.—are the Governors and the Governor-General, assisted as of old by the civilian bureaucracy. The responsibility for welfare is laid on the Ministers and legislatures in the provinces and at the centre. There is no need to point

out that government is an effective instrument for promoting the well-being of the community, only to the extent to which it possesses coercive authority and the prestige which that authority brings along with it. That is the reason why where voluntary organisations and persuasive appeals fail, government succeeds. If those that are expected to undertake measures for furthering the material and social welfare of the community are denied this ultimate authority to coerce and use the instrument of compulsion, there is no prospect whatever of their obtaining success in their efforts. In the past the bureaucracy possessed the power to coerce as well as the responsibility for promoting welfare. Constitutional experiments in India are being made only with a view to transfer responsibility to Ministers while power is kept by the bureaucracy.

Another feature of these experiments is that, where there is a conflict between the custodians of power and the promoters of general welfare, it is the latter that have to yield to the former. Power becomes the end and not the means for bringing about progress. Moreover, conflicts arising between these two authorities are not submitted for arbitration by an impartial judicial tribunal, or by the electorate of the land who are the parties that are really affected by the conflict, but are settled by the custodians of the coercive authority. They have the controlling power over the actions of the ministers of welfare and the latter should so conduct themselves that they never come into clash with the former. It is in the light of these general observations that the Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee has to be studied.

(4)

The Report is regarded as making a definite step in advance of the present system of government for its advocacy of 'provincial autonomy.' The question that has to be considered is the extent of the reality of autonomy that it recommends. There have been two conflicting views of provincial autonomy ever since the beginning of constitutional

agitation in India on this subject—the view of the Pandits in the service of the Government of India, and the view of the leaders of Indian political thought. The freedom of the provincial government, in a sphere of its own, from the control of the central government of India, irrespective of the form of provincial government, is the essential characteristic of provincial autonomy from the point of view of the Pandits. In the view of Indian political leaders, the technical freedom from the control of the central government is not the essence of provincial autonomy, but it is the exercise of power in the provinces by a responsible ministry and an elected legislature. The autonomy that the Indian leaders have in mind is not autonomy to the Governor under which he becomes practically a dictator, but the autonomy of the ministry. The Pandits do not agree with this view. The (Muddiman) Reforms Enquiry Committee of 1924 stated that, 'No particular form of constitution whether in the central government or in the provinces is a necessary implication of the term. In their own spheres the constitution of the central government and of the provincial governments may be autocratic or democratic and the provincial governments may vary *inter se* as to their constitutions.' Sir Frederick Whyte also states in his book on 'India, A Federation' thus: 'Most Indian controversialists employ it to describe both the freedom of the provincial government from external control by the Government of India and the internal political condition of representative and responsible government. The true meaning of the word lies in the former interpretation.' The Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee practically agrees with the Pandits when it draws a distinction between 'provincial autonomy' and the manner of exercising it. It defines 'provincial autonomy' as the scheme 'whereby each of the Governors' provinces will possess an executive and a legislature having exclusive authority within the province in a precisely defined sphere, broadly free from control by the central government and legislature. This we conceive to be the essence of provincial autonomy, though no doubt there is room for wide differences of opinion

with regard to the manner in which that exclusive authority is to be exercised.' The Report describes the way in which it should be exercised and an analysis of it makes it clear that it should be exercised by the executive and legislature subject to the ultimate control of the Governor. Real power in the province is lodged with him and all other organs of government are made subordinate to him. There has always been a suspicion that this would be the kind of autonomy that the provinces are likely to get and this has been confirmed by the Report.

The real position of the Governor of a province is that of a representative of the central government. He is there to watch its interests, to receive instructions from it and to carry them out. There cannot therefore be real autonomy to the province so long as he is the person on whom this autonomy is conferred. The Report itself admits that, 'Where the Governor is exercising his special powers, is acting in his discretion, he must be constitutionally responsible to some authority, and that responsibility will be in the first instance to the Governor-General acting in his discretion, and through him to the Secretary of State and ultimately to Parliament.'

No elaborate argument is needed to show that the Governor will be the main spring of action and the real motor force in driving the machinery of provincial government in the proposed constitution. The Report itself says thus: 'We concur with everything which has been said by the Statutory Commission on the part which the Governors have played in the working of the Reforms of 1919, and we do not think that the part which they will play in the future will be any less important or valuable.' There can be no real responsible government in the provinces unless the part played by the Governor becomes less important and less valuable, but such a change is not under contemplation. Critics have pointed out the unreality of the so-called transfer of 'Law and Order' to the Ministers, to their not having any control over the Civil Services, to the possibility of their administrative actions and legislative policies being vetoed by the Governor

in the exercise of his special responsibilities, and the numerous other direct and indirect ways in which he can take advantage of the communal groupings in the legislature and manipulate them with a view to keep his grip on the provincial government as a whole. The Governor will continue to be the pivot of provincial administration in future as he was in the past.

The Report proceeds to defend the controlling position of the Governor on the specious plea that the vital importance in India is that of a strong executive. This doctrine of a 'strong executive' as put forward by the Committee is a dangerous one and requires refutation. It is no doubt true that in the evolution of modern democracy a stage has been reached in most countries where it is found necessary to make the executive less dependent on the legislature than was the case in earlier times. Democracies originally started as protests against the arbitrary rule of the executive and therefore made the elected legislatures omnipotent. But experience has shown that the executive should not be quite at the mercy of parliaments, as that would lead to cabinet instability and inefficiency. As a matter of fact the Cabinet is now the controlling factor in England. Parliament has become really subordinate to it instead of being supreme over it. The movement for constitutional reform in France, which desires to give the Cabinet the power to dissolve the legislature, has for its object the strengthening of the executive. Most of the post-war democratic constitutions of Europe have made provision for strong executives independent of legislatures. But the conclusion which the Report tries to draw from movements like these is not warranted by facts. For, in every one of these cases the executive that is strengthened is an elected executive, an executive that commands the confidence of the people at large or of the legislatures themselves. It is not the strengthening of an executive that derives its authority from outside the State. There would be meaning in some constitutional machinery being devised for strengthening the provincial cabinets but

not for strengthening the Governor. Referring to the safeguards, the Report states that 'they represent on the contrary (to quote a very imperfect but significant analogy) a retention of power as substantial, and as fully endorsed by the law, as that vested by the Constitution of the United States in the President as Commander-in-chief of the Army.' But it forgets that the President derives his authority from the people while the Governor of a province is not elected by them. A strong executive is absolutely necessary, but it is an executive that commands the confidence of the people that requires to be strengthened.

It is from this standpoint that one has to examine the real significance of the abolition of Diarchy which is regarded as one of the cardinal features of the Report. When we look beneath the surface, we will have to say that either Diarchy has not been completely abolished, or, if it is abolished, it is in favour of all authority being concentrated in the Governor as was the case before 1919. The unity of provincial government is not the result of the provincial cabinet being made solely responsible for the whole field of administration. Has Diarchy been really abolished? The essence of Diarchy is the existence of two governments side by side, each controlling a certain number of departments. In the new provincial constitution the control over certain departments is vested in the Governor and of other departments in the Ministers. 'Law and Order,' the 'Police,' the 'Public Services,' the 'Department of Minorities,' are reserved to the Governor. The other departments are transferred. This is the practical effect of the limitations that have been imposed on the authority of Ministers in regard to matters relating to the Police and of the special responsibilities conferred on the Governor. The only difference between Diarchy in its old form and Diarchy in its new form is that, in the exercise of his powers in the reserved departments, the Governor will not in future be fettered by an executive council. He is the sole monarch of the situation, except for the possibility of the influence that may be exercised over him by the super-

secretary. The additional powers conferred on the Governor, under which he can permanently place on the statute book his own Acts and appropriate revenues to discharge his special responsibilities and pass ordinances, amount to establishing in each province two governments instead of one. And this is the real meaning of Diarchy.

The only sense in which therefore Diarchy may be said to have been abolished is that in future the real authority in the province will be in the hands of the Governor. This is the ultimate significance of the special responsibilities conferred on him. These reponsibilities have to be looked at as standards by which the Governor is to judge whether the provincial government is carried on well or ill by the Ministers. They give him a power of general review of the whole field of administration. This is one of the ingenious discoveries in the field of Indian constitutional experiment. These constitute what may be called the purposes of good government as conceived by the J.P.C., and they may be used for criticising the actions of the Ministers and the legislature, whatever be the department to which they relate. Referring to the scope of the Governor's special responsibility for the prevention of any grave menace to the peace or tranquillity of the province, the Report says: 'Still less can we see any justification for restricting the Governor's action to the department of Law and Order, by which we suppose the Police department. There are many other branches of administration in which ill-advised measures may give rise to a menace to the peace or tranquillity of the province; and we can readily conceive circumstances in connection with land-revenue or public health, to mention no others, which might well have this effect.' Even in regard to public health, Ministers cannot have freedom of action. His responsibility for the safeguarding of the legitimate interests of minorities is of the same indefinite character and gives him any amount of scope for interference with Ministers' policies. In this land where every community is made to feel that it is a minority community, and where the list of such communities has shown a tendency to expand, there will be nothing to

prevent the Governor from taking every community under his beneficent control. The word 'legitimate' again is so very vague that it can be made to include a multitude of things. What legislation is there which will not affect the majority in one way and the minority in another? His special responsibility for the prevention of commercial discrimination is vaguer still. Even after drawing a distinction between administrative discrimination and legislative discrimination, between bills which are discriminatory in fact and those which are so in form, the Report feels that the discretion to be left to the Governor in this matter should not be restricted by any kind of mere statutory prohibitions. In their indefiniteness and the consequent all-comprehensiveness these 'special responsibilities' are like the 'due process' clause in the American Constitution. The net result of their presence in the provincial system is the abolition of Diarchy in favour of a unitary government under the sole control of the Governor.

(5)

Within the short space of an article it is not possible to deal with the other aspects of the Report. Credit is given to it for its recognition of the principle of 'central responsibility.' But here again it is the mere shadow of responsibility that is granted to the Ministers. Defence and External Affairs are a reserved subject under the direct control of the Governor-General and remain outside the ministerial sphere. The Report does not hold out any hopes of the early Indianisation of the army, and in its absence there is no prospect of the transfer of these departments in any conceivable future into the hands of Ministers. The special responsibility of the Governor-General for the safeguarding of the financial stability and credit of the Federation, gives him complete and effective control over the finances of the country and consequently over all the transferred departments. Every one is aware of the dependence to which the transferred departments in the provinces were reduced to the reserved departments in consequence of Finance having been made a reserved

subject. The Reserve Bank is the custodian of India's banking and currency system which the Ministers cannot touch. Railway policy and rates are to be controlled by the Statutory Railway Board over which the Ministers have no control. The industrialisation of the country which all the well-wishers of the land have been looking to, and which can be carried out only through a policy of protection, has been made impossible owing to the 'prevention of commercial discrimination' having been included among the special responsibilities of the Governor-General. This gives him an all-overriding authority on tariff legislation. An impossible task is imposed on the Ministers whenever they wish to alter the tariff policy. They should be able to prove that the alteration will promote the economic interests of India and not merely injure the interests of the United Kingdom. No economist, however painstaking he may be in collecting and analysing all the available data, can succeed in this. A policy of protection is sure to injure the interests of England; there is no guarantee that it will promote the interests of India. The latter is only a probability; the former is a matter of certainty. In such a situation the Ministers cannot be said to have any responsibility in industrial and commercial matters. Even when a trade agreement with a third party is more advantageous to India than a similar agreement with England, the Report lays down that regard must be paid to the general range of benefits secured by the partnership with England and not merely to the usefulness of the partnership in relation to the particular commodity under consideration at the moment. Who will have the boldness to deny that India is not in general benefited by her partnership with England—whatever that partnership may mean?

In the light of the recommendation for the separation of Burma, one should be thankful to the Committee for not recommending the separation of any other part of India and placing it under the direct control of the Home Government. The agitation set up for a province of Pakstan made up of the Punjab, Sind, North-West Frontier, Baluchistan etc., to be

constituted into an entirely separate territory might have been taken advantage of for such a purpose. As much support could have been obtained for such a scheme from a certain section of Indians as for the other recommendations in the Report. It is therefore a matter for gratitude that the boundaries of India have been kept intact except for the separation of Burma. An All-India Federation is one of the promises held out by the Report, although it is not known when it will be achieved.

(6)

There has been a good deal of comment on safeguards. Properly understood, the essence of a constitution is the safeguards it embodies. No one need be frightened by the term. Written constitutions have come into vogue because of the distrust entertained about the way in which political power would be exercised. In every age and in all countries the tendency has been for those in power to abuse their authority, sometimes consciously and at other times unconsciously. They have also a tendency to regard what is good for them as being necessarily good for all. The provisions in a constitution act as a check against such misuse of authority. The incorporation of a list of fundamental rights, universal franchise, separation of powers, judicial independence etc., have been traditionally regarded as some of the necessary safeguards. What is however to be noted is that the actual safeguards that are included in any particular constitution depend on those parties and groups that obtain a hand in the making of that constitution. In the making of the proposed Indian Constitution the dominant hand is that of the British, although they had a band of faithful allies in the Indian Princes and the communalists. The safeguards therefore that it contains are safeguards which the British have found necessary to prevent any abuse of authority by the Indian executives and the Indian legislatures, supplemented by a few others in the interests of the Princes, the communalists, and those sections of Indians who, like the Zamindars, have

acquired certain vested interests. It is therefore wrong to assume that the new constitution has no fundamental rights included in it. All these safeguards are the fundamental rights which the makers of the constitution thought it essential to provide for. It may be that, from the point of view of nationalist opinion in India, there is even greater need for safeguards against the abuse of power by the British and very little has been done to include them in the constitution. This is the tragedy of the whole affair, though there is no mystery about it. The struggle in India is between nationalism and the ideals of general welfare on one side, and communalism and vested interests on the other. For the moment nationalism has suffered a severe defeat, and it is this defeat that is registered and recorded in the Report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee and the constitution that it has recommended.

Indian Art in London

(A Note on the Recent Exhibition)

By OSWALD COULDREY M.A., (OXON)

I approached the India Society's Exhibition of Modern Indian Art from a particular angle, which would have been that of many readers of *Triveni.* I was bitterly disappointed; but my disappointment shall be expressed as cheerfully as possible. If the exhibition gave as inadequate a notion of modern Indian art generally as it did of that part of it of which I happen to know something in 'detail, then modern Indian art generally is in a very flourishing condition indeed.

For the show as a whole was impressive; much more so than any of the same subject previously seen in London. It was held in the new Burlington Galleries, where some of our best exhibitions are regularly held; was opened by the Duchess of York about a fortnight before Christmas, and remained open until nearly the eve of the festival. The Galleries have two large rooms, two small chambers, and a corridor. The first and smaller of the two large rooms was wholely occupied by the Bombay pictures and sculptures, about a hundred altogether. The corridor was hung with architectural drawings and designs, likewise mostly from Bombay. Most of the other pictures, Nos. 87 to 354, were in the larger of the two main rooms, which is more than twice the size of the other. One side and one end of the room and a little more were covered by pictures described in the catalogue as from 'Delhi, Punjab and the Central India Provinces,' and numbering about 150. About 100 pictures from Bengal occupied the rest of the other long side of the room and most of the other end. On what was left of this last, which was the corner about the door, were the Madras pictures, numbering fifteen.

Even these poor fifteen so-called 'Madras' pictures

were a pitifully scratch lot, and looked as if they had been collected with difficulty to make some sort of a show that might cover the artistic nakedness of our 'benighted' Presidency. Six of the fifteen were by Mr. D. P. R. Chowdhury. They were accomplished and remarkably versatile water-colours. They may have been painted in Madras, but since scores like them may be seen at any better-class English provincial show of water-colours, they could hardly be called racy of the soil. Nor could the rather similar 'Night Scene' (No. 343) of Mr. K. G. Dastider. Mr. Syed Ahmed's 'Fakir' was one of the two or three pictures in the whole exhibition which I would most willingly have possessed. Near the classical Mogul, it had yet a freedom of its own, and was wonderfully fresh and original both in drawing and colour. But though a little host in itself, or shall we say a Hyderabad contingent, it was contingent after all and accidental, extraneous aid and undeserved. There remain Mr. Desouza's 'After the Bath' and *six* pictures which from the names appended seem to have been the work of real South Indian painters. Three of these six were lent by the Indore State !

The three genuine South Indian pictures which the exhibition owed to the enterprise and 'valuable co-operation and support' (as the Hon. Organizer calls it in the Foreword) of the Madras Regional Committee deserve to be mentioned separately, for their outstanding good fortune if not for their outstanding merit. They were the 'Flight of Prithviraj' by M. Venkatarathnam ; 'Devadasi' by A. Balakrishnan ; and 'Ravens' by K. Madhava Menon. The first, an individual and vital drawing in line, delicately tinted, I have somewhere seen before, either awake or dreaming. Of the second I have no very clear recollection, except that it had the distinction of being sold. The third was like a Chinese picture and one of the most accomplished and impressive designs in the show. For its beauty and size it was probably also the cheapest (£5). Most of the pictures seemed to be overpriced.

Of the three South Indian pictures lent by the Indore

State 'Chandbibi of Ahmadnagar,' by K. Venkatappa, might have been a Mogulai miniature of the eighteenth century. Before looking at the catalogue I took one of the others, Mr. A. M. Shastri's line drawing, 'Offering to the Sun God,' to be a work of Adivi Bapirazu ; and surely it belongs to the same school. The third Indore loan was Damerla Rama Rao's 'Emperor Bimbisara,' a slight but accomplished study in the manner of Ajanta, or rather of some of Lady Herringham's pale reflections of it in water-colour.

Two other works of our ill-starred but ever-young Andhra master (more baldly listed in the catalogue as 'D. Rama Rao, the late,' and even once as 'D. R. Rao, the late,') were exhibited, but among those of the school that made him and not with those (or rather where those should have been) of the school that he made. One was 'Water Carriers' (46), obtained I know not whence, for the catalogue was very grudging of acknowledgments. It is a slight work and rather wanting compression, but interesting as an experiment in the use of a subdued and subtle system of lighting in combination with a decisive linear style. The other was the 'Krishna Lila,' which I lent myself, and which was well displayed in the middle of the first room. For beauty of drawing and perfection of colour and rhythm, there was probably nothing finer in the show. What a splendid mural design might have been based on it! Strangely, a large 'Mural Panel' on the same subject by Y.K. Shukla (No. 72), was hung almost immediately over it, and was more widely noticed in the reviews, I think, than any other picture. It was gayer though not lovelier in rhythm as in colour and mood than Ram's, but otherwise bore a distinct resemblance to it. Whether this was due simply to accident and the subject, or whether the painter had ever seen Ram's picture, I do not know. After my first sight of the show I met this young painter at Mr. Gladstone Solomon's, but as I did not then know that he was the painter of the panel I could not ask him, as I wish I had. He seemed to think Ram as a sort of ancient, having joined the school in '27, or two years after Ram's early death. I understood that he is now studying in

the Academy schools here, and for the moment inclines to Impressionism.

But why in the name of all the gods of art was nothing shown of the work of the Andhra school, which Rama Rao founded in his native Rajahmundry, and which still holds annual exhibitions there? Why was there nothing of Varada Venkataratnam's, or Ch. Satyanarayana's of Coconada, or Y. Subba Rao's, or of the talented ladies of the Damerla family? And what again of that other group of Adivi Bapirazu and his fellows, who blossomed at Masulipatam? I have seen photographs enough of the work of all these painters to be sure that twice as much wall as those fifteen so-called Madras pictures occupied could have been easily filled with Andhra work alone, and well up to the standard of the rest of the room. And could not a loan have been obtained of Rama Rao's own masterpieces from the Damerla House at Rajahmundry? At this distance I can only ask these questions and express a grieved astonishment. I hope the Editor of this magazine will be able to ventilate the matter further, and to pass a vote of censure where it is due. For it appears that Indian art and the South of India, as well as the India Society and the London public, have been very ill-served by somebody.

> Return, Alpheus! the dread voice is past
> That shrunk thy streams, and now my oat proceeds

to notice the rest of the exhibition with as much composure and as little envy as the circumstances admit. The Bombay pictures in the first room made by far the most imposing group at first sight. Apart from skilful arrangement this was largely the result of size efficiently mastered. The painters had learnt to express themselves with assurance on a larger scale than is usual in the other provinces, or has been usual in India for many centuries. The flawless execution of such ambitious works as Mr. R. G. Chimulkar's 'Spirit of Art' (73) and 'Despair' (40), or of Mr. J. D. Gondhalekar's 'Illusion' was very remarkable. But I felt more than once

that the painter in the pride of his craft had sought size for its own sake, that his design would have been more effective on a smaller scale. Thus Mr. Gondhalekar's 'Divided Devotion' (12) would have been delightful at half the size, but now seemed hardly powerful enough to carry its own weight. But Mr. Shukla's 'Mural Panel' above mentioned (72) looked not at all too big for itself, nor indeed did the mural designs generally, but only Mr. R. N. Parekh's (78) was comparable with Mr. Shukla's in mastery of drawing and design.

In this room there were half a dozen pieces of excellent sculpture. The most remarkable were Mr. R. P. Kamat's 'Exile,' rather like an Expulsion from Eden in a modernized Rodinesque style, and Mr. K. C. Roy's 'Harmony,' perhaps a couple of Siddhas, not unlike the other, except that an 'Indian air,' not without charm, had been added to it.

Among the Bengali pictures in the next room I fell deeply in love with Mr. S. Ch. Sen's 'Morning Flower' (279). Indeed there was not a picture in the show that I so much desired, but its price (£ 31) was far beyond me. It represented, I suppose, a Sudra woman gathering a wild flower, perhaps for an offering or adornment. Like most of the Bengali work it was quite small, and perhaps the style of it was based on the Mogul, but it had a fresh and sober truth and sweetness of colour that was all its own, and I never saw another picture at all like it. If the English pre-Raphaelite painters had painted small in water-colour as they should have done, and if one of them had with adequate knowledge and sympathy painted an Indian subject, it might have been something like this. Apart from this picture, of the painter of which I know nothing and found perhaps one other work, I could see nothing from Bengal that challenged the supremacy of the group that first made the school famous, Dr. Abanindranath Tagore and Messrs. Nanda Lal Bose and Asit K. Haldar and G. N. Tagore. Two line drawings by Mr. Haldar were especially charming. Dr. Tagore's 'Illustrations to the Arabian Nights' (235-266) were the most vital pictures in the show, full of beauty and variety and artistic enterprise, of wit

and poetry and impish fun. Why does not he or another Indian painter illustrate for us the 'Adventures of the Ten Princes,'[1] or the 'Ocean of the Rivers of Story,'[2] of which the 'Arabian Nights' are only a belated echo?

But if these approved masters still bore away the palm, I still saw in this section several examples of a type of picture that was new to me and that appeared to have great possibilities, although none of the examples shown appeared quite to realise them. The type was larger than was usual on the wall and generally represented a gathering of the folk in a wide landscape setting treated rather crudely and childishly, words of praise nowadays in art-criticism and associated with what is called 'the innocence of the eye.' 'The Bride's Departure' by R. N. Chakrabartty (298); 'Market Place' by Tarak Nath Basu (306); and 'Bathing in the Ganges' by S. K. Mazumdar (298) were the principal examples. I saw a smaller one, without the ruggedness which these affected, on the wall near the Madras pictures, and liked it much better, indeed I found it charming; I think it must have been 'Immersion of the Goddess Durga' by Susil Chandra Sen (336), but I only now realise that, if so, it was apparently by the painter of my favourite 'Morning Flower.' The biggish, anonymous 'Storm' (269), rather like a Japanese print, was very successful and interesting.

So much for the walls assigned to the Bengali school; but indeed a large proportion of the pictures on those labelled 'Delhi, Lucknow, and Central India Provinces' appeared from the names attached to be by Bengali painters, and we saw that the same thing happened in the Madras section. I suppose this is because Bengal supplies India with art masters. I saw Mr. Promode Chatterjee's dignified 'Asoka' (154; from Indore) thus abroad. Many of the Lucknow pictures rivalled those on the Bengal wall in liveliness, while preserving an individuality of their own. Moreover they were remarkably cheap, (from £1 to £5, mostly nearer £1), whereas most of the pictures in the

[1] *Dasakumara-Charitra.*

[2] *Katha-Sarit-Sagara.*

show were overpriced. Consequently the Lucknow pictures were almost all sold, and very few others. I tried to buy more than one myself but was always too late. Remarkable were Mr. Sharadendu's 'Dhritarashtra' (186) and indeed his other pictures, none like another; Mr. Bishnudas Haldar's 'Offering' and 'Shooting Star' (which was more like a comet); and Mr. Brij Mohan Nath Jiga's delightfully conservative paintings in lacquer (204 & 206).

On the same wall as some of these, but not from Lucknow, 'India's Great Politician' (R. G. Vijayavargi, 161) had power but was (appropriately?) inscrutable; Roop Krishna's 'Mythic Dance' (159) was a vital design. Near was a picture by Mr. M. A. R. Chughtai which was reproduced in the July-August number of *Triveni* as a frontispiece (142, 'Qalandar') and there were five other works from the same sensitive hand. Hereabouts also were some exquisite pictures in the strictly traditional style by Ganga Baksh, of which one at least fetched £10, as few of the modern pictures did. Among the Baroda pictures in the staircase room were three others no less learned and accomplished, but in a rather less delicate tradition; the painter, Huzuri Ram, if I mistake not.

Another small room was devoted to works without colour, etchings, lino-prints, line and wash drawings. Mr. Mukul Dey's clever etchings pleased me less than some of his early works that I used to see, but by this time I was perhaps tired of appreciation. In the middle of the back wall of this little room, like an idol in a sanctum, was a wash drawing by the great Rabindranath, at which I gazed with reverence but without understanding. It was called 'Devatatma Himalaya,' and indeed in some ways it suggested a ghost, and in others a glacier.

Natya-Kala

(*HISTRIONIC ART*)

By T. RAGHAVACHARI

The function of song, verse and speech on the stage is to enhance the glory of the histrionic art and not to usurp its place. Verbosity is not always a virtue, particularly so on the stage. Capacity to produce the best effect with as few words as possible is the mark of culture and also of true histrionic talent. When I say so, I am keenly alive to the psychology of the spectator and still I say that the function of true histrionic art is to keep the words in the background, and keep them there until absolutely necessary to trot them out. A good pantomime, a glorious Kathakali, bear evidence to this fact. A well-cultured and freedom loving mind loves simplicity and directness. A small mind in fetters finds joy in mere words, phrases and garish descriptions. A real actor is more often than not handicapped by words and phrases. As the great English Bard says it will be all 'words, words,' and nothing but words. Verses and songs are even more dangerous foes of the histrionic art. I am not one of those who would have verses and songs chivvied out of a play. Music has a place on the stage; the same it has in life. Otherwise music on the stage is unreal, artificial, and chokes out the true art.

On the present day South Indian stage, words and music have mercilessly elbowed out the histrionic art. It is a veritable hurdle and sack race for the poor actor. He is compelled to start with the weight of the grandiloquent words, phrases and descriptions forged for him by the playwright. The poor author cannot be blamed either. *Indians love words*, and the author is naturally filled with an ambition to display his erudition and command of words and phrases. The actor has to mouth them and spit them in the auditorium. To the

distinguished assembly in the auditorium (Madras and Bangalore especially), every neat little turning of a high sounding word or phrase is art. Not one in a hundred considers whether the language, the gesture, the facial play of the actor correctly portray the *bhava* of the situation. It is enough if the mouthing is clear and loud and accompanied by any artificial pose. Take for instance the role of a Shivaji, a Kabir, or a Ramadas. Shivaji is known to be a Mahratta hero who triumphed over the Mahomedans and built up a glorious empire. Our audience is therefore satisfied if the following conditions are fulfilled by the actor. He should possess a good, well-built figure. He should display a long nose. He should look daggers at one and all. He should speak loud and in a commanding voice. He should walk with a high step. He should sing verses with all the flourishes of *ragam*, and the aforesaid verses should belittle the Mussalmans and describe musically patriotism, love of country, and what our old heroes did. The subtle workings of Shivaji's mind, his mastery over his emotions, his great charming personality, his devotion to his mother and Guru are all unimportant details, which the audience do not look for in an actor. Take Kabir. He is supposed to be a *Rama-bhakta*. Therefore he should always sing of the glory of Rama, about the hollowness of the world we live in and about the beauties of the world above to which we may or *may not* go. Kabir should always walk in the path of heaven which is traditionally full of thorns; and consequently he should step on the stage gingerly and walk in a measured march like a machine. Kabir's faith in mundane life, his practical wisdom, his furious onslaught against caste and convention, his vigorous preaching against hypocrisy, and his rapturous ecstatic moods are foreign to the audience. If an actor portrayed the true, living, robust, humour-loving, caste-breaking Kabir, I am afraid the audience would turn away in disgust and yearn for the thorn-treading seeker of Rama in the skies. Oftentimes I have been amused at my Sanatanist friends applauding Kabir who was a caste-breaker out and out.

In other words, our Shivajis, our Kabirs, our Ramadases and many of our favourite heroes and heroines are applauded mainly because they can mouth the language in a loud and clear manner, can sing verses and songs in time and out of time, and sometimes because they can turn an ankle, shake a finger or grin a smile, irrespective of the propriety of such things.

Now take Ramadas. The audience expect him to be a miniature Kabir. Tradition requires he should cover himself up completely with *namams* (caste-marks) to denote that he has covered himself up with piety. He should display a profuse growth of hair all over, to indicate that his very hair-roots have grown godly and are shooting upwards, and he must sing and dance. Mind, he should sing abundantly and it would be better if he could render some old pieces which the original Ramadas is alleged to have bequeathed to the world. To all this should be added (in the jail scene) a movement of tearing one's hair; a crazy disposition of one's arms and legs; and a vivid rolling of the eye which may denote the painful feeling caused by the insertion of a cork-screw into it, as well as any other feeling. Then you have a Ramadas who will be at once hailed by the audience as an 'Abhinava Ramadas'. The transformation of the matter-of-fact Gopanna into a Ramadas, the gradual working out of that change, does not interest the audience. Nor do the pangs of sacrifice suffered by Ramadas in surrendering his boy or surrendering his freedom. It is not easy to portray the feelings of one who is ready to surrender his all and at the same time is burdened with the ignorance of a belief more in the efficacy of conventional worship, of a belief that God could be angry with human beings, and who like a child cries for a vision of God in flesh and blood. Who would care to look for such things in an actor! Ramadas was not a perfected *Bhakta*. He was placed in the *Bhakti Marga* by Kabir and was plodding onwards slowly, at times beset by harrowing doubts The real Ramadas would be a stranger to our audience.

I have no hesitation in saying that words, verses, songs and certain conventional antics make up the histrionic art of the present day South Indian stage, whether it is Telugu, Canarese, or Tamil. Words and music have so far usurped our stage that our plays are slowly but surely degenerating into variety entertainments where the actors are bound to sing any song or do anything, whenever there is a call from the auditorium. It is pure fancy to call a present day South Indian performance a 'Drama.' The play is nothing but a novel put into dialogue form and the production is nothing but a *Kalakshepam* done by more than one Bhagavathar. It is a great pity that even our educated people, some of them reputed to be authorities on Art, are actually encouraging such performances.

Keralee-Nritham or Mohini Attam

By G. VENKATACHALAM

When Mata Hari, the Red Dancer and War Spy, was questioned about her antecedents, she is reported to have said that Malabar was her birthplace and she was trained as a temple dancer in one of the subterranean shrines there.

This was, of course, a pure fabrication, but it will be interesting to speculate why she concocted this story: whether she was in the know of things or whether it was just a shrewd guess.

Whatever may be the truth behind this, Mata Hari's intuition or artistic instinct did not play her false, for she must have somehow felt—or did anybody tell her?—that Malabar was not only a land of magic and medicine but also of dance arts.

This narrow strip of land between the ghats and the sea is very intriguing indeed, especially to students of art and anthropology. Here you find quaint customs, strange usuages and singular social laws, differing from those of the rest of India.

Women here, legally at any rate, enjoy greater freedom than women of other provinces. The racial type is slightly different from the neighbouring Tamils or the Karnatakas. Its magic and modes of living have some resemblance to those of the island races.

Here you meet the remnants of the oldest Jews, the most ancient Christians, the earliest Arab settlers, and also some of the oldest dance and dramatic arts of India. Though these dance arts can be traced to one common source, they distinctly bear the stamp of its special genius.

Mohini Attam is a dance of that character. It is 'Bharata Natyam' as evolved and perfected in Kerala, and though it follows closely the science and art of Bharata, it has its own

style and technique, its peculiar idioms and expressions, coloured considerably by Kathakali and other allied arts of Malabar.

This dance is usually performed by women, even as Kathakali is usually performed by men only. That is the traditional method, but it is possible to introduce the male element in this dance, in the interpretation of stories like the *Geeta Govinda*, as it is possible to introduce women dancers in Kathakali as Ragini Devi and Gopinath or Menaka and Gopal Pillay have successfully done.

The origin of Keralee-Nritham is traced to a Prince of Travancore who lived a hundred years back, but that is only a popular belief. It is likely that this art was greatly patronised by that prince even as 'Kuravanchi Koothu' was patronised by the Tanjore king, Sarfoji, and that poets of those periods composed songs for the dances under the royal command. It was a fashion among certain princes of ancient India to appropriate the authorship of plays and poems created by artists of their courts.

There are interesting similarities between these two dances. They are both *lasya* type of dances, both deal mainly with love themes and are therefore of sensuous character. Mohini Attam is richer in its gesture vocabulary while Kuravanchi has more complex foot-work and rhythmic movements. Being of a *lasya* nature they are extremely graceful and appeal more to the senses than to the soul. It is true that there are a lot of repetitions both in gestures and movements, but that is inevitable as the art is highly conventionalised and tradition-bound as the *dasi attam* of South India.

There is, however, this difference between the Tanjore Nautch and the Malabar Mohini dance; the dancer in the latter sings the whole time as she dances, and the chorists do not lead but follow the dancer in singing. The musical accompaniments are about the same, and the 'Nattuvan', or the teacher of the dancer, does not accompany the artist.

The songs are mostly descriptive and are set to both

classical and popular tunes. They generally describe the love pangs of a maiden or the disappointment of a lover, the agony of separation or the joy of union, and all these are cleverly conveyed by suggestive facial expressions and significant gestures.

Every emotion has its appropriate rhythm and movement, and as the result of long training and practice, they are displayed with an ease and a mastery that is amazing. The art, highly formalised as it is, is nevertheless full of freshness and charm; and, of course, the personality of the artist counts much in such arts.

Mohini Attam is one of the forgotten arts in Kerala today. It was practised by an appreciable number of women even as late as the beginning of this century, but today it is practically unknown and is seldom seen in its homeland.

There is no special caste, like the Devadasis, to preserve the art or its traditions. Even the few who have learnt it from the old teachers are not eager to show their art and fight shy of the public.

Thanks to the efforts of the Kerala Kalamandalam, one of them has now come forward to dance before the public and also to teach young aspirants. Kalyani Amma is not a professional dancer, in the sense Devadasis are, and she is today a keen and enthusiastic exponent of this art.

At the invitation of Rabindranath Tagore she went recently to Santiniketan to train some of the students there, and her work was greatly appreciated by the Poet and his pupils. In fact, the leading dancer in the Tagore troupe, Mr. Ghosh, was trained for sometime in the Kalamandalam and since then another student from there, Mr. Sinha, had also training in Kathakali. India's foremost dancers like Menaka, Shrimati, Jamuna, Nandini, Uday Shankar, have all sought inspiration in this direction, and such mutual appreciation and understanding is one of the hopeful signs for the future of dancing in this country.

Of all the dance and dramatic arts of Kerala, such as Kummi, Kaikottikali, Thullal, Chakiarkoothu, Kathakali,

Mohini Attam has a better chance of being appreciated in other parts of India and being learnt by a larger number of dancers, and both the Kalamandalam and Kalyani Amma will be only too happy to welcome students from all over India and Ceylon and train them in a form of dance art that is purely Indian and assuredly classic.

H. W. Massingham

By C. L. R. Sastri, B. Sc.

'Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true.'

Robert Browning

(1)

It is difficult to believe that Massingham is no more: difficult even now, a decade after his death. It shows the greatness, as well as the lovableness, of the man. Such spirits seem really to be immortal. Massingham was a live wire: he had what I may call eternal freshness of youth. He was not only a journalist amongst journalists: he was, also, a man among men. His soul was like a star and dwelt apart. 'Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!'—thus Keats apostrophised the nightingale. We may well take a leaf from the poet's book and say, unreservedly, of such as Massingham that they at least ought to be exempt from the calamities that assail our more ordinary selves. Comparisons may be odious. But I have no doubt that, in this ultra democratic age, it will do us immense good if, now and then, we pause to ruminate on the almost astronomical distance that separates us from those rare spirits whom a benign Providence periodically sends into our midst. The greatest of fallacies is that which informs us that all men are born equal. I have no quarrel with it except in the small (or large) detail of its being untrue to the hard facts of life. All men, unfortunately, are *not* born equal; and since it is the prevailing state of affairs we shall do well to salute such as are immeasurably above us—salute them as reverently as in us lies. Massingham was such a man. May he be saluted for ever!

(2)

Massingham was, first and foremost, a journalist. I may go so far even as to say that he was nothing else. He lived

for journalism. He gave his all to it. It is a moot point whether it would not have gone better with him, in the end, if he had not so completely identified himself with that hardest of task-mistresses. I sometimes think that it would have been splendid, both for him and for us, if he could have had the strength to cold shoulder the dame for long spells at a time. I am appalled by the consideration of what extraordinary talents are often placed at the service of journalism—talents that are not always rewarded as they ought to be. Unless the journalist in question takes to book-writing also, his fame has little chance of surviving him, has little chance, that is, of sailing unhurt along the stream of time: being, at best, confined to his own generation. Journalism, as I have already written, is a hard task-mistress: it takes all, or almost all, from others, and gives very little in return. It is, therefore, a pity that some of the greatest intellects have given the major part of their abilities to it: to alter the words of the poet slightly, they have given up to journalism what was meant for mankind.

(3)

Massingham was not only a great journalist: he was a great editor as well. Now, this distinction is not so idiotic as it may, at first sight, appear. Every editor is a journalist: every journalist, however, is not an editor—and, what is more, cannot become even if, like Humpty Dumpty, he tries 'with both hands.' A great editor is a *rare ave in terris:* this kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting. Massingham was not only a great editor: he was the greatest editor of his time: a time, too, when there was no lack of great editors in England. There were, for instance, C. P. Scott, J. L. Garvin, A. G. Gardiner, and J. A. Spender. But Massingham outshone all of them, even as Mount Everest out-distances its neighhouring giants, Kanchinganga and Nanga Parbat and others. He was, if I may say so, the tallest poppy among those tall poppies. Garvin, indeed, acknowledged as much in his obituary notice of him. 'The Sicilian expedition, is it or is it not, the finest

thing you ever read in your life ?'—so the poet Gray asks after reading again the Seventh Book of Thucydides. A similar question may well be put in regard to Massingham's editorship. What I mean is brought out more clearly and vividly by Mr. Shaw. He concludes his tribute to Massingham in this fashion :

> 'As I write these lines comes the news of the death of our friend and contemporary, William Archer. The two vacant places seem to make a prodigious gap in the surviving front rank of late Victorian journalism. But Archer, like myself, was a journalist only, inasmuch as he wrote for the papers to boil his pot. Massingham was the perfect master journalist: the born editor without whom such pot-boiling would have been for many of us a much poorer and more sordid business. If he had left behind him a single book, it would have spoilt the integrity of his career and of his art. I hope I have made it clear that this was his triumph, and not his shortcoming. I could lay my hand more readily on ten contributors for his successor than on one successor for his contributors. A first-rate editor is a very rare bird, indeed: two or three to a generation, in contrast to swarms of authors, is as much as we get; and Massingham was the first of that very select bight.'

(4)

There is, indeed, no common ground of comparison between him and the others: you cannot, as the saying is, add four pounds of butter to four O'clock. When Massingham died, something went out of English journalism: which something, I dare to say, has not yet been replaced. The gap is still there: yawning like a chasm: Massingham was the *nonpareil* of editors: no wonder his place continues to be vacant. It may be true that there is nobody in this world who is, or whose services are, indispensable. In one sense, no doubt, it works out like that: the world goes on—or, rather, the work of the world goes on—though individuals disappear like raindrops on a window-pane. But this, I think, is to take a superficial view of things. The work may go on, but what

about the *quality* of the work? There is, certainly, a deterioration there. Sensitive souls can feel it, though they may not always be able to define it, to give it 'a local habitation and a name.' Mr. H. M. Tomlinson expresses it beautifully in his book, *Gifts of Fortune* (Heinemann). He is on the Chesil Bank, when a telegram arrives intimating the news of Conrad's death. Mr. Tomlinson lets himself go in this wise:

> 'Somehow life seems justified only by some proved friends and the achievements of good men who are still with us. Once we were so assured of the affluence and spiritual vitality of mankind that the loss of a notable figure did not seem to leave us any the poorer. But to-day, when it happens, we feel a distinct diminution of our light. That has been dimmed of late years by lusty barbarians, and we look now to the few manifestly superior minds in our midst to keep our faith in humanity sustained. The certainty that Joseph Conrad was somewhere in Kent was an assurance and a solace in years that have not been easily borne.'

This is fine; and it can be applied in its entirety to the loss we have sustained by the death of Massingham in August 1924. The certainty that 'Massingham' was somewhere in 'London' was an assurance and a solace in years that have not been easily borne.

(5)

Massingham is remembered chiefly by his editorship of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Nation*. I am not competent to speak of the former. I can, however, thanks to 'whatever gods there be,' speak of the latter. I have—or so I fancy—some knowledge of English Weeklies: among which I have liked immensely only three: the *Nation* under Massingham; the *Saturday Review* and later, the *Week-end Review*—both under the editorship of Mr. Gerald Barry; and of these three the *Nation* under Massingham was by far the best. It 'flamed' if I may say so, 'In the forehead of the morning sky.' A great editor stamps, or imprints his personality, so to speak,

upon his paper: it pervades the paper from the first page to the last. Any journalist may, and can, 'edit' a paper: it is only the born editor who can imbue it with his individual flavour. In this sense we can say: 'O, the *Nation*! Mr. Massingham's paper!', 'O, the *Manchester Guardian*! Mr. C. P. Scott's paper!' From this point of view, how many great editors does England possess now? I had better not give the answer; there would be too many wigs on the green.

Massingham, indeed, *was* the *Nation*. In this connection, I think I cannot do better than quote from Mr. H. M. Tomlinson again, who was his assistant during the last six years of his editorship.

> 'It was a little distracting, at first, to meet a journalist who was punctilious and inexorable about the very commas. Massingham never relaxed while the paper was being shaped. He could see a minor fault through a month's back numbers, and grieve over it. I have some conscience myself in these matters, but I loathed it at that time, especially in an editor. ······ I thought they were of no consequence. Massingham thought they were. He would have been found recorrecting proofs if the heavens had fallen, and, being shortsighted he would have thrust the almost illegible documents at the announcing angel, unaware, in his tension, that it was the last day. No young poet ever searched his trial efforts for what possibly might be of dubious import more closely than my new editor scrutinized the evidence and arguments of his paper, and the form in which they were to be presented. . . . And what a possession for lucky proprietors! To say they owned the *Nation* as the King might say he had won the Derby, or an American millionaire the finest collection of Chinese porcelain in the world! . . . . There was not in the world, I used to imagine fondly, another review of quite the distinction and quality of the *Nation*; and certainly there was not one to equal it in its power to raise both furious enmity and grateful approval.'

And so on. I have no space here to dilate upon his actual work and upon his exquisite style. I have written this

article mainly by way of an affectionate memorial—albeit belated. I got much from him : it is only right that I should do something to repay, however inadequately, those manifold services. May his name shine for ever as a sort of beacon-light to guide the footsteps of aspiring journalists!

Who is the Sinner?

(A Story)

(Translated from the ' ANANDA VIKATAN '—*Tamil*—By SRIMATHI K. SAVITRI AMMAL)

Since the cruel waters had snatched away her man, strong and in the prime of his life, Murugayi preferred to remain single. She couldn't think of living with another. For was there any other in the world to equal her Irula? ' Here, get me the ashes (sacred) Murugayi,' he would call to her before going out; who would say so and be all that to her now? And indeed, how could she forget him who never failed to take her to a fair or festival anywhere within fifty miles? Poor woman!

Irula had tremendous faith in the Lord Kailasnath, the presiding deity of the village temple. For a long time he had been childless. He worshipped and made many devout sacrifices to the innumerable gods of his clan. But all in vain. He then prayed and vowed to offer two wooden bars of his own making, to Kailasnath, and lo! within a year Murugayi was the mother of a fine boy.

From the day the child was born Irula was a changed man. He gave up drinking, never touched fish, beaf or anything. He was content with the gruel and the plain meal Murugayi cooked for him. His master too felt kindly towards him on account of his simple honest ways. Thus all was well and happy with Irula and Murugayi.

'What if we be low in caste? We are none the less the children of God. If we be honest He would serve us well,' he preached, and to hear him say it, the rest of the people in the 'cheri' blessed him and called him the ' saint.'

One day Irula was sitting with his boy on the bank of the river, teaching him nursery rhymes. Suddenly there arose a

hue and cry further up the bank that a Brahmin girl had fallen into the river by accident. On hearing this, Irula ran over to that place, and seeing none of the higher caste made for the rescue of the drowning girl, threw in himself after her. But he never came back again.

Murugayi was down with unutterable grief. She could never recover from that blow. One thing, however, cheered up a bit her broken heart. It was the sight of her darling Vela. In his face she forgot something of the keenness of her anguish. But even this perhaps was too much for the gods. For Vela was ill—very ill for the past three days, and the mother, foodless and with streaming face, sat by his side.

* * *

It was a black night. A few stars shone in the sky, as if in contempt at the inferiority of the world below. All was silence in the 'cheri.' Not a leaf stirred. The frogs lay in wait for the glow-worms while the snakes pursued the chase after their prey.

Inside the hut of Irula the 'saint' a small earthen lamp was burning. Murugayi who had lain down a bit in sheer fatigue awoke all of a sudden, ran out and looked up and around her a little excitedly. Then she went in and with fervour applied the sacred ashes on the face and hands of the sick child.

During the brief while she slept, Murugayi dreamt a very vivid dream. After four years Irula came to see her for the first time. He told her to look after Vela carefully. No treatment was necessary, he said, and added if their boy was to live she should take him to the temple and prostrate him near the *Balipeetam* of Kailasnath and do the simple worship of burning camphor in the sacred Presence. He then stepped over the child in order that his demand may be rendered solemn.

At this Murugayi awoke. She was at a loss to think what she should do. 'God, temple,' all belonged to those of the higher caste. They—the untouchables—could never dream of getting near the temple within short of a furlong's distance.

And any one who dared beyond the limits did so at the peril of being tied to the tree and flayed alive in front of the house of the big *Mirasdar* of the village. But, had not Irula come after these four years on purpose to acquaint her with his wish? What if they took off her skin? Nothing mattered if only darling Vela could live! 'What'll become of me if he dies and me not doing anything to save him!' she thought wildly, and at last came to a conclusion.

It was about eight O'clock next moring. The priest, coming out of the temple for the purpose of spitting out the tobacco juice in his mouth, saw a *Panchama* woman with a child clasped in her arms within ten yards of the doorsteps. Lord! how the sight struck him! The worthy man got into a violent rage and pôured forth the vilest abuse he could find in the sacred hearing of Kailasnath. 'That man they call Gandhi,' he cried in angry tones, 'has been responsible for such audacity. I have got to wash myself now. Here, Muthumari, go and inform the big *Pannai*.' He gave the order and went inside. The sanctity of the temple was profaned! His mind was busy with thoughts of the purification ceremony, his own share in the income, and other things.

Soon there gathered a large crowd in front of the temple. Murugayi was sitting with the child on her lap. She was confident there was justice in her cause. But the whip was brought with all dispatch, and there stood the big *Pannai* ready to give the order. Murugayi went through her sorrows, the vivid dream she dreamt, and all in a way that would melt the very stones to pity. She begged; she implored.

'The hussy has gone mad,' bawled the big *Pannai*. 'She simply raves. Ramu, close the door; else she will get inside. Go, bring four men from the *cheri*.'

A dog had been discovered inside the temple. It was driven out and the door was shut. A man from the crowd set the animal against Murugayi and another picked up a stone and flung it at her.

'Is the wretched *Pariah* woman even lower than the

I am a nightmare,—
    cruel and dry and ferocious,
    and my throne is in the dark.
With boundless shame the Beautiful
    goes away from me,
    seeing the doors all closed
    and the dark temple yard;
I can feel him passing away
    in the distant smell of spent flowers,
    and Misery cries everywhere in emptiness.
Alas, my youth! it is a curse to me!

Yet there are rare moments,
    when upon the surging waves descends
    a soft and quiet and beautiful light.
In such moments the sky is cut
    by the prism of time
    into millions of coloured rays,—
    and the Golden Lotus blooms,
    and all the world is breathless for a while.
Stricken with wonder,
I perceive its fragrance to be a Revelation.
The wonder and the beauty of that Revelation,
    which whispers, whispers—
'Thou art not a cruel beast, nor an insect
    which counts for nothing:
    Thou art the Fallen Angel!'

The Fallen Angel!!
...And suddenly I understand
    why my eyes like two imprisoned birds
    seek after the wide, blue depths of the heavens;—
    and why the winds murmur love in the forest,
    and with their magic touch me into peace.
...I am the Fallen Angel!—
And the sun shines, the dews drop,
    and bare branches put flowers forth in ecstasy,

tossed softly by winds from the south.
The moon burns inextinguishably beautiful,
and in shining stars darkness doth weep.
Silent I remain.
And in silence,
my sorrows like festive candles I dedicate
to the altar of the Temple of Joy.
In the divine palace of my body
I open the Senses like windows
into the endless stream of light.

How many days have passed by
since the golden dawn,
when once a frail Youth with a frail heart
started upon his life's journey,—
alone, weak, utterly helpless!
Long, long days have gone by,
and now I am weary,
while the wind blows around me
the scent of spent flowers.
Now I recall the times
when she used to come out in the fragrance-laden
twilight,
and whispered words of love;—
when, at her touch,
lightnings of joy would suddenly pierce
the darkness of my heartache.
And beauty
flashed in the blue depths of her eyes
the image of my true self,—
and the great realisation came, aching, throbbing,
in moments and hours and days:
I am as pure and white and bright
as the stainless Sun!
Ah! when my Beloved spoke,
her mortal words were transformed into eternal significance,

and the winds blew them into my heart,
touching it with aching sorrow,—
and whispered, whispered—
' Thou art the Fallen Angel ! '

And now I remain silent and think :
Across this bed of mud
there must be somewhere a place for me
in the heart of the White Lotus.
I am the hymn of Dawn,
the breath of night, and the scent of purest flowers :
I am sacred in myriads of invisible shapes,
and laugh at the mean and base things of the world.
All the pains and miseries, the tears and heartaches
break forth in me in passionate songs :
And in glimmering twilight,
I am the High Priest at the altar
where Darkness meets Light in love :
I am the Fallen Angel !

'Seek Ultimate Values'

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO[1]

I am grateful to the Reception Committee for inviting me to preside over this session of the Andhra Students' Conference. I have great hesitation in occupying the place meant for my chief, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya. But for the uncertainty regarding the duration of the meetings of the Working Committee of the Congress at Patna, you should have welcomed a President older, wiser, and incomparably more brilliant than myself. Even as it is, I have no manner of doubt that this honour has come to me, not in my individual capacity but as the present head of a great national institution, the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala, founded by Kopalle Hanumantha Rao, the noblest Andhra of his generation. You have indeed gone out of your way in choosing one who is not officially connected with the Andhra University or any of its affiliated colleges. But I am Editor of *Triveni* as well as Principal of the Kalasala; and as your eminent Vice-Chancellor is a member of the Advisory Board of *Triveni*, I might claim, in a playful mood, that the entire University is but a part of *Triveni*. My young friends! Though I am not old enough to utter words of profound wisdom garnered from the experience of many decades, I am near enough to you in age to appreciate your point of view and to share, in some measure, your glowing idealism.

*   *   *

On this and the succeeding days you will discuss several problems affecting your lives as students and as citizens. You belong to one of the youngest Universities in India. Having successfully overcome the initial obstacles and emerging from the dust of many heated controversies, it is well on

[1] **Presidential Address delivered at the thirteenth Andhra Students' Conference, Vizianagaram, on 14th December 1934.**

its way to splendid achievement. With the poet-prince of Jeypore as its foremost patron, and a thinker of international reputation as its Vice-Chancellor, it may confidently look forward to a great future. But mine is not the Convocation Address for the year, and I shall therefore pass on to questions which relate not so much to the University, but which vitally concern your outlook as young men and women.

In an age of changing values, of the conflict of cultures and the clash of ideals, the youth of every land must develop a power of initiative and arrive at that synthesis which will resolve those conflicts and harmonise those ideals. The very immensity of the problems must call forth into active play the latent powers of youth, sharpen their intellect, and enrich their emotions. India, even more than the rest of the post-war world, is at the cross-roads. Here and now she has the opportunity offered her of facing and solving the problems of man and the machine, the individual and the state, nationalism and internationalism, realism and idealism, classicism and romanticism. And if the youth of India can summon up enough of the spirit of intellectual adventure, they will receive the gift of far-seeing vision, and their contribution to the thought of the world will be as notable as that of the ancient Rishis. For, believe me, the age of the Rishis is not merely in the far-off past. In our day India has given birth to seers of the type of Sri Aurobindo, Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, and J. Krishnamurti. Some of these might seem to be at cross-purposes with the rest, but ultimately their message is one,—unflinching devotion to truth, and unerring pursuit of the vision splendid. You may study the many facets of the truth as glimpsed by these seers of modern India, and bring to bear upon that study your own awakened powers of intellect and intuition. You can neither refuse to perform this duty nor seek to evade it. If you do either, you do so at your peril. As the great Kannada poet and scholar, Sriman Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, puts it, India is in the position of Yudhishtira and his brothers.

Each of them was required by the unseen *Yaksha* to answer certain questions before being permitted to quench his thirst. All but Yudhishtira evaded this duty and were condemned to death. India today must like Yudhishtira answer the questions propounded by the Time-Spirit, for then only may she drink of the waters of Life.

In this task, the spectre of arid utilitarianism that is now stalking the land is our worst enemy. To look merely at the surface of things and not seek to pierce behind the veil of form; to test every new idea from the point of view of immediate practicability and not that of ultimate value; to judge men and matters as if objective success and not inward growth were the highest good; is indicative of a narrow vision and can but lead to a very low type of achievement. It is because of this predominance of the merely utilitarian point of view that our lives are becoming cramped and mechanised, devoid of the spaciousness and beauty that lend a meaning to life.

Another unfortunate feature of our fervered existence is the fear of sentiment. From our earliest years we are taught to be careful and circumspect, to take no risks, to be guided at home and abroad by authority even in the smallest details of everyday life. Any slight variation from the standard, any exhibition of special aptitudes is looked upon with suspicion. Children who are dreamy, and more than usually affectionate, are deemed unfit for the rough and tumble of life. Every effort is made to get them to conform to the established standard. The poet, the actor, the musician, and the painter in every child must be crushed out, so that there may be no impediment to its becoming an efficient lawyer or business man. It is forgotten that all sentiment is not necessarily mawkish sentimentality, and that the love which ennobles and uplifts is a divine gift that ought to be treasured. Some day, indeed, this intense affection for father, mother, or playmate may be transfigured into the love of all living beings. When the prince Siddhartha chose Yasodhara from amongst all the Sakya maidens, and lavished all the love of a noble nature on

her, he was inevitably preparing for the great destiny, in fulfilment of which he flooded the entire universe with his beneficence and grace. Nothing great is ever achieved by an overcareful calculation of chances. It is but a peurile philosophy which fails to take note of the value of sentiment and of the adventure that flows from sentiment. And though equanimity of spirit and equi-vision are valuable, let us realise that they are the results of the rich and varied experience of youth. They will not come to those that fail to face the battle of life. If, while young, you are not great enough to dare, you will achieve not equanimity of spirit but spiritual inertia.

In a country that is being rapidly flooded by cheap machine-made goods, ugly and unæsthetic, there is urgent need for a gospel of beauty. In our dress, our household utensils and the many articles of daily use, in the music we hear and the plays we witness, in our shrieking advertisements and wall-posters, we have to fight the cult of ugliness. When you look at a water-colour by Nandalal Bose, or a khadi muslin from Chicacole, or a carpet from the Jatheeya Kalasala, you will find that every one of these possesses a quality that transcends all limitations of time and space and monetary value, for you are drinking in the essence of the creative gift of the craftsman or the painter. In some mysterious way they draw us nearer to God, the supreme artist. Everytime you purchase anything, ask yourself not merely whether it is useful, but whether in addition it is beautiful. Aim not at mere efficiency, but at efficiency that is informed by culture. One of the main objects of your conference is the organisation of work in villages. Bring back to the village the beauty of simple yet harmonious surroundings, of dance and music, of the arts of the builder and the painter, and of the thousand and one crafts that are India's precious heritage through many millennia. The work that is being carried on by the Poet at Santiniketan and Sriniketan is the prelude to that now inaugurated by Mahatma Gandhi. The seven lakhs of villages in the land must hum once again with life, with the

joy of self-expression and of human endeavour for the ennobling of human life.

I have noticed with pleasure, during the past few years, an increasing interest in the study of Telugu literature. Very many of you, young men and women, are seeking to express your inmost soul through verse, song or story. Part of this work may be ephemeral or defective in form, but you, young friends, are carrying forward in the present age the great mission of enriching the literature of Andhra and making it an expression of the highest thought and feeling of the race. I belong to the generation of Rayaprolu Subbarao, Abburi Ramakrishna Rao, Basavaraju Apparao, D. V. Krishna Sastri, Pingali Lakshmikantam, Katuri Venkateswara Rao, Viswanatha Satyanarayana, Chinta Dikshitulu, Sivasankara Sastri, Nayani Subbarao, Nanduri Subbarao, and Adivi Bapiraju. I am neither a poet nor a painter, but I claim kinship with all of them. I am not so sure, however, that they will admit any kinship with me. I have been on fairly intimate terms with them, and I have had the privilege of listening to them while they recited their poems or songs. Andhra Desa ought to be proud of them, for by their achievement they have won for Telugu literature an abiding place in the literature of All-India. You belong to the next generation; you have sat at their feet, some literally, others in the spirit. I am therefore longing to hear some of you recite at this conference choice poems and songs of your creation. Thus shall we link the generations, one with another, and establish a fellowship of the elect. As a lover of Andhra culture, I am thankful to the University for instituting an Honours course in Telugu language and literature, and for placing at its head one who is not merely a scholar but a poet of distinction. I refer to Mr. Lakshmikantam. I do hope that very soon an effort will be made to impart instruction in the highest classes through the medium of Telugu, and also to open a section of fine arts.

I have spoken at such length about idealism, art, and poetry that you must be wondering whether I have any ready-

made solution for the problem of problems, that of the educated unemployed. Government service, the so-called learned professions, industry and commerce, can absorb but a fraction of the graduates turned out year after year by the Universities. You will erelong find that learning and scholarship are not the passports to lucrative employment which they once were. The State or the University can do but little. Fresh avenues of employment like the Army, the Navy, and the Diplomatic and Consular services can be thrown open to us only after the establishment of Swaraj. I do not know if it is fair to expect highly educated young men and women in search of wealth and distinction to settle down in villages, curtail their personal wants, and help to build up the New India of the future. But this is all that a 'nation, yet unfree, can offer. And why should this cause disappointment? Learning is certainly its own reward; other rewards are incidental. To those that have a burning faith in a return to the life of the village, renderd purposeful by the urge of service, this counsel will not appear fatuous. In the All India Spinners Association and the All India Village Industries Association, you have the nucleus of a mighty organisation which will spread a network of village societies all over the land. You can take your share of this glorious work.

Here I must utter a word of warning. Do not attach much importance to the current notions of success and failure. I claim that I am a close student of the philosophy of failure; and I wish to repeat what I said some years ago when *Triveni* passed through a crisis in its career: 'Success consists in unceasing pursuit of the Path; and the only failure that the idealist recognises is the failure to stand by Truth.' Let me close on that note.

This is not Life

This is not Life, but something worse than Death
That I in your dear thoughts no more am bound,
That I were better buried underground
In some lone place where green grass hearkeneth
To desolated Love with bated breath :
For then, perhaps, at last, some peace were found
For lost love resting 'neath that green-grass mound
Deaf to the taunts Remembrance whispereth.

Death is no agony but softest sleep
Of non-remembrance without any dream
Which on the tired soul doth gently creep :
But ah ! what bitter torture would it be
For each man dead, to wake in death and see
How dead he is, how dear though he did seem !

Sankara Krishna Chettur

Reviews

[*We shall be glad to review books in all Indian languages and in English, French, and German. Books for review should reach the office at least SIX WEEKS in advance of the day of publication of the Journal.*]

A Pageant of Asia: A Study of Three Civilizations, By Kenneth Saunders, Litt. D. (Cambridge). (Price 21sh. Oxford University Press.)

If the Orient is being dominated by western methods and inventions, in return the Occident is slowly being permeated by the subtle influences of the East. The attention drawn to the literature of India by Sir William Jones, in the time of the East India Company, has resulted in opening the doors of the East so that something of its light has poured westwards. It was with a brilliant intuition that Schopenhauer, eighty years ago, prophesied that the teachings of the Upanishads would permeate all western philosophic thought, just as the teachings of the Christ permeated and finally substituted the teachings of Greece and Rome.

For the last sixty years, one of the greatest influences in this work has been the Theosophical Society, which drew the attention of the cultured of Europe and America to the message of Hinduism and Buddhism. This work received a dramatic setting at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, when Swami Vivekananda in his picturesque robes and with virile eloquence explained the teachings of the Vedanta. Steadily an interest has been aroused in all things of India, and not only among the cultured but also to some extent among the uncultured. The United States, and now South America, are being flooded with literature on 'Yoga.' These modern revelations on Yoga are always aimed at the western temperament, which is desirous of seeing results in terms of dollars and cents. It is, however, characteristic of the misunderstanding of certain aspects of the East that the word 'fakir' is used in America (pronounced 'faker') to mean a fraud and humbug.

In a more restricted way, but not the less subtle, has been the interest among a few in the West in the subtle

teachings of China and Japan. These countries have had objects of Art of a size which could be transported to the West, in a way that has scarcely been possible except with a few of the great Art creations of India. The military growth of Japan has of course been one element in drawing attention to the Far East, but also not the less has been the spectacle of the 400 millions of China slowly organising themselves to be a nation on the western model, with armies, navies, and aircraft.

This being the general situation in the cultural world as between the West and the East, many writers have taken up the vast task of explaining the East to the West. Numerous are today the manuals on Eastern religions and philosophy. But it is rarely that an author of such fine attainments as Dr. Saunders takes up the work. He has dwelt in India, China and Japan, to inform himself directly of their cultures, and evidently he knows both Chinese and Japanese, though not seemingly Sanskrit. His work is a volume of 452 pages, and is divided into three Sections: (1) India; (2) China; (3) Japan. His aim is to make as complete a cultural survey as possible of these three Sections of the Orient, and to explain their significance to European readers. The book is beautifully illustrated with some of the finest specimens of art productions of these countries. At the end of each Section Dr. Saunders prints extracts from typical writers so as to give a general idea of the culture of the age which he has described.

In each Section the author surveys rapidly epoch by epoch the various changes which took place in the field of religious thought and artistic creation. His book, therefore, is in many ways a miniature encyclopaedia of these particular subjects. But it is just because of that the general reader will probably find a certain difficulty in not being able to 'see the wood for the trees.' If the book were not quite so full of detail, perhaps one would not be so dazzled by the numbers of embodiments of religious and artistic thought presented to the gaze of the reader.

To a reader in India, there is naturally little that is new in the Section on India. If anything, this is the least satisfactory part of the book. Dr. Saunders has a deep admiration for the gospel of Buddhism, but on the whole he has not been able to penetrate to the inner spirit of Hinduism, either as represented in the Upanishads or in the various cults which

embody Hinduism to the popular mind. But the Sections on China and Japan are full of penetration and bring those two countries very near to one's imagination.

This work is a very valuable one, and should be in every representative library. It is particularly useful for students, and indeed it gives the impression that it has been specially prepared for them according to the regular methods well known to American University Courses. The book has such a brilliant thesis and is so full of fascinating material that one wishes that Dr. Saunders would write another smaller, and eliminate the details concerning the developments of religion, art and philosophy which are useful to the student but are apt to confuse the general reader.

Were one inclined, or had the space necessary, one could fill pages with quotations from the book, with brilliant extracts from ancient writers which Dr. Saunders has gathered together, and with his comments upon them.

C. JINARAJADASA

Tiruparuttikunram and its Temples.—By T. N. Rama chandran, M.A. (Bulletin of the Madras Government Museum. Printed by the Superintendent, Government Press, Madras. Price Rs. 11-4 as.)

In this fine volume, handsomely printed and profusely illustrated, the author makes an exhaustive study of the temples at Tiruparuttikunram, identified with the ancient Jina-Kanchi, adjoining Conjeveram. The work indeed is much more than what its title promises, for, besides being a study of the temples from the standpoints of archaeology and art, it forms a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Jaina cosmology, iconography, mythology, hagiology *etc.* Thus not only scholars but all interested in India's past, and not least the members of the great Jaina community, to many of whom even the names of these monuments of their religion must be but little known, owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Ramachandran for this work. The monograph bears abundant evidence of patient research and painstaking labour. The descriptions of the temples with which the author is more immediately concerned are so thorough that they could scarcely be improved upon, and it would be but just praise to say that a more complete or better account of these venerable

temples, which go back to Pallava and Chola times, could not have been produced. Of very great interest are the lucid descriptions of the numerous fresco paintings which though but seldom of high artistic quality nevertheless merit detailed study and are moreover of great iconographic importance. We would commend especially to students of art history Plate XXII, No. 58, a dance scene, as one comparable with the highest achievements of the painters of Rajputana and of old Bengal.

We congratulate Dr. Gravely, the Superintendent of the Government Museum, Madras, on the high standard of research and scholarship which we have come to associate with the Bulletins of the Madras Museum, produced under his able editorship, and specially on the addition to the series of this fine piece of work by Mr. Ramachandran.

AJIT GHOSE

The Origin and Development of Religion in Vedic Literature.—By P. S. Deshmukh, M.A., D. Phil. (Oxford University Press, 1934. pp. xvi, 378. Rs. 15.)

We cordially welcome this interesting book of Dr. Deshmukh on the origin and development of religion in Vedic literature. This book represents the thesis prepared by him for the degree of D. Phil. of the Oxford University under the able guidance of the late Professor Macdonell and this is sufficient to vouch for its accuracy and precision. In the first of the four parts into which the work is divided, we find various definitions of religion set forth and discussed. The author refers to the definitions of Herder, D'Alviella, Durkhein, Marret, Jevons, Max Muller, Tylor, Frazer, Jastrow, Menzies, Tiele, Jordan, Ladd, Galloway, Hopkins, Macdonell, Pratt, etc. The author then formulates his own definitions of religion—that it is a social institution with some principles enjoining certain beliefs, and maintaining certain rules of conduct based on such principles. The belief is with reference to the existence of some power or powers beyond and a sense of dependence on them. An approach to the connotation of the word *religion* may be made in the word *dharma*.

Several theories have been put forward regarding the origin of religion. The most noteworthy of such theories are—Fetishism of Brosses, Animism of Tylor, Ancestor worship of Spenser, Totemism of Jevons, and Magic theory of

Frazer. The relation of some of these theories to the Indo-Europeans and Indo-Iranians and their religion is the subject of the next part. The author states in unambiguous language that, so far as Indo-Europeans are concerned, magic did not exist before the evolution of religion and at no stage did magic influence Indo-European religion. He also states clearly that the prayers that are found in the Rig Veda are not derived from charms of any type and that the priests were never magicians.

Through a process of philosophical induction the author arrives at the conclusion that belief in God, His worship, His qualities, etc., did exist in the Indo-European period. The Indo-Europeans were influenced by supernatural phenomena to a large extent, believed in them as beneficent to humanity and began to worship and propitiate them. This propitiation and worship assumed huge proportions when the Indian branch separated from the common Indo-European group, and the result was the hymns of the Rig Veda. Magic in its full-fledged form developed only later and this is represented on Indian soil by the Atharva Veda.

Regarding the original home of the Indo-Europeans the author, after referring to the theories of various scholars, regards parts of Europe and parts of Asia as the original home. It is more probable that the Indo-Europeans were autochthonous in the region extending from the Punjab to Persia, for in this region alone is found the earliest of the available remnants of Indo-European culture.

Dealing next with the religion of the Indo-Europeans, the author, mainly through the aid of the science of philology, infers the existence of Indo-European Gods like *Dyes* (Skt. *Dyaus-pitar*), *Varuna*, Mother Earth, God of Thunder, Sun, Moon, Dawn, Stars, Day and Night, *Asvins*, Fire, Wind, etc., and makes elaborate comments on them. Almost all the items of the religious beliefs of the Indian today go back to the Indo-European period. Ancestor worship, fetish worship etc., are all traced to the Indo-European period.

In dealing with the Indo-Iranian religion the author, as is natural, has to rely on a comparison between the Rig Veda and the Avesta. The Rig Veda is undoubtedly the older of the two, and a comparison of the two reveals clearly the state of Indo-Iranian religion. Ahura Mazda, Hvar, Mithra, Baga, Apam Napat, Ariyaman, Veretraghna, Haoma, Thrita,

Vivanhvant, Yima, etc., are some of the Indo-Iranian Divinities worthy of note and all of them have their parallels in the older Vedic pantheon.

In the part dealing with Vedic religion we find the author referring to the period to which Vedic literature is usually attributed by Orientalists like Max Muller, Macdonell, Keith etc. (1500 B. C.—1000 B. C.) He does not commit himself to any view, but seems inclined to fall in with the European Orientalists and reject the views of Tilak and Jacobi, who base their data on astronomical calculations (4000 B. C.). Arguing on similar lines the late Mr. B. V. Kamesvara Aiyar has demonstrated that the Satapatha Brahmana should have been composed about 2800 B. C., and his arguments have not been given the publicity they deserve. The Boghaz-koi inscription certainly takes back the date of Vedic literature to a period long anterior to that assigned by Keith or Macdonell or Max Muller.

The civilisation as embodied in the Rig Veda is set forth in detail. The Vedic Gods and the place held by each in the Vedic pantheon are well set forth under the heads—Vedic Gods, Atmospheric Gods, Terrestrial Gods, and other Gods. The work is on the whole a valuable contribution to the study of Vedic religion and culture and we heartily congratulate the author on his excellent thesis.

T. R. Chintamani, M.A., Ph.D.

Vijayanagara—Origin of the City and the Empire.—By N. Venkata Ramanayya, M.A., Ph.D. (Published by the University of Madras; Price Rs. 2 or 3 sh).

The book under review forms a brilliant addition to the recent literature on Vijayanagara. The author has dived deep into the vexed problem of the origin of the City and of the Empire of Vijayanagara and the results of his research are now embodied in the present volume.

Scholars are divided in their opinion regarding the origin of Vijayanagara, some holding it to be of Telugu origin, while others contend in favour of a Canarese origin. Veteran scholars like Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar have long been contending that the city of Vijayanagara was founded by the Hoysala ruler Ballala III, and the Kingdom of Vijayanagara by the five brothers, Hari Hara I, Bukka I, Kampa, Marapa

and Muddapa, who were originally in the service of the Hoysala king mentioned above. They state that he employed them to defend his northern frontier and to stem the new flood of the Bahamani invasions.

This theory has gained fresh support by the publication of 'Beginnings of Vijayanagara History' by the Rev. Father Heras. He goes a step further than his predecessors. He states that 'Hari Hara I was enthroned at Vijayanagara by the old Hoysala monarch (Ballala III), as his own Mahamandaleswara in the north,' and that 'Kampa was placed in that responsible post (in the government of the fortified hill of Udayagiri in the Nellore district) by the same Vira Ballala (III).'

Though there were some scholars who opposed this theory, no systematic study of the problem was made to stress their point of view and to prove the truth of their contention that Vijayanagara was of Telugu origin, until the publication of 'Kampili and Vijayanagara,' some years back, by the author of the work under review, which provoked much criticism in the press. The present work is the outcome of a further and more serious study of the same problem. In this, the author has successfully met all the criticisms levelled against the theory of the Telugu origin of Vijayanagara and has brought home the truth of his contention.

The supporters of the Canarese origin of Vijayanagara mainly take their stand on the statement of Ferishta, namely 'Bilal Dew built a strong city upon the frontiers of his dominions and called it after his son Beeja, to which the word *nuggur* or city was added, so that it is now known by the name of Beejanuggur.' To identify 'Beejanuggur,' mentioned in the aforesaid statement, with Vijayanagara the capital of Harihara I and Bukka, and to confirm their identification, they press into service the fact, known from inscriptions, of Bukka's rule from Hosapattana (new city) in the Hoysala Nadu or country and the existence of a Hoysala inscription at Hampi (Vijayanagara). Thus they postulate that (1) 'Beejanuggur,' said to have been built by 'Bilal Dew' according to Ferishta is no other than Vijayanagara on the Tungabhadra, the seat of a mighty empire, (2) Hosapattana (new city) is the same as Vijayanagara, or in other words, Vijayanagara was also known as Hosapattana, because it was newly built by Ballala (III), (3) the founders of the Vijayanagara Empire—the five brothers—were employed by Ballala

III to defend his northern frontier to stem the tide of the Bahamani invasions. Hence, they contend that Vijayanagara was of Canarese origin.

The author of the present volume has effectively replied to all these contentions. First, he proves to the hilt, with the aid of epigraphical evidence, that the territory of Ballala III never extended to the Bellary district and that the Hoysalas lost their hold on that district long before the accession to the throne of Ballala III, even during the rule of his grandfather, Someswara (A.D. 1233—1292). Hence the contention that Ballala III built the city of Vijayanagara can no longer be upheld. The author admits the existence of a Hoysala inscription at Hampi and Bukka's rule from Hosapattana; but he points out that the inscription at Hampi belongs to Someswara but not to Ballala III. In the light of the aforesaid facts, the identification of Hosapattana with Vijayanagara and the theories built up on the strength of that identification fall to the ground. It does not require much thought to refute the argument regarding the employment of the five brothers by Ballala III to defend his northern frontier and stem the tide of the Bahamani invasion, for Ballala III died in A. D. 1342; the Bahamani kingdom came into existence only in 1347, five years after the death of Ballala III. Even the rebellion of Krishna Naik, in connection with which 'Bilal Dew' was said to have built the city of 'Beejanuggur,' was dated 1344 by Ferishta himself. Thus, it appears ludicrous to state that the five brothers were employed by Ballala III to defend his northern frontier and stem the tide of Bahamani invasions.

Besides fully refuting all the points advanced in support of the theory of the Canarese origin, the author adduces some more evidence—internal, from inscriptions—in support of his theory. He compares the administrative system of the early Vijayanagara Kings with that of the Kakatiyas of Warangal and shows that some features were common to both systems. The administrative divisions of 'Sthala,' 'Rajya' and 'Nayankara' that were in vogue in the Vijayanagara Kingdom are not at all met with either in the Seuna or Hoysala Kingdoms. Besides this, the crest of the Vijayanagara Kings is more or less akin to that of the Kakatiyas. Thus it is shown that the founders of Vijayanagara were either directly or indirectly connected with the Telugu Kings of the Kakatiya dynasty of Warangal and that Vijayanagara was of Telugu origin.

The author determines the extent and boundaries of the

Hoysala Desa. He proves by tables that it denotes 'a tract of country well within the boundaries of the present Mysore state' and identifies Hosapattana with a village of the same name, situated 'on an island in the Hemavati river in the Krishnarajapeta taluka of the Mysore district.'

The book is divided into two parts; the first deals with the origin of the City and the other part with the origin of the Empire. While trying to show that the Kingdom of Ballala III never extended into the Bellary district, the author takes the opportunity to give a more or less exhaustive account of his military campaigns, which cover the period of his whole reign, besides reviewing minutely the relations between the Hoysalas and the Seunas of Devagiri from the time of Ballala II. In the same way, in the chapter on the early Vijayanagara Kings and the Telugu country, the author reviews the political condition of the Telugu country, after the fall of the Kakatiyas of Warangal. Thus we get a cursory history of the Kingdoms of Warangal, Rachakonda and Kondavidu for the first time in English.

The five appendices at the end of the book enhance its value. Specially noteworthy is the note on Doravadi. It is particularly interesting for more than one reason. It was the place of residence of Mummadi Singayanayaka. Besides that, Hampi is known from inscriptions to have been included in Doravadi-nadu. The author's successful location of both Doravadi and Doravadi-nadu, deals a death blow to the identification of Hosapattana with Vijayanagara, more or less the backbone of the theory of the Canarese origin.

Thus the whole book bears the impress of the author's extensive and laborious study and is of immense interest.

Some points in the book require further consideration. These may be stated here. (1) C.P. No. 5 of 1919–20 and the existence of Vema's inscriptions at Tripurantakam lead us to believe that the Srisaila country was under Vemareddi at first but not under Hari Hara, as stated on page 94; (2) Unless and until some fresh evidence is adduced, Barni's statement, that Harihara was first a follower of Islam (P. 96), cannot be accepted as gospel truth. (3) Caution is needed when it is said that Gengu Salar of Kalubarga, who burnt the 'gopura' of Belur was a son of Bukka I—the ardent disciple of Vidyaranya and the protector of the four castes; (4) There is no reliable evidence to show that Vinukonda was the first

capital of Vema (P. 124); (5) the authorities cited for the statement that Vinukonda-sima passed into the hands of Bukka I some time before 1352 are V. R. III, Kl 56 and 58 i.e., List of Ins. Ced. Dts, which is not an authoritative work. There are many inaccuracies in this list. The date given, in the inscription cited from that list, is Saka 1274, Paridhavi. The cyclic year Paridhavi tallies with 1294 Saka but not with 1274. Hence it can be contended that Vinukonda-sima was under Vema, till some time after 1352 A.D. (6) The identification of the author that Bukkaraya Vodayalu of the Gozalavidu inscription (N. D. 1., II Kg., 7) of A. D. 1314 is the same as Bukka, the grandfather of Harihara I, cannot be conclusively accepted, until that inscription is clearly edited. (7) In our opinion, the damaged inscription (N.D. 1., II, Kr. 28), cited by the author to show that Prataparudra II lived until 1330 A.D., does not really belong to that king, inasmuch as the phrases 'Karnatakabavadiswa aripratapa Sri Virapratapa' occur therein. In no inscription of Prataparudra, as far as we have perused, are these terms found. 'Karnatakabavadiswa aripratapa' must be a misreading. Perhaps it should be 'Karnatakalubarigiswara pratapa,' which was a title of the Gajapatis of Orissa. Hence it may be one of their inscriptions. (8) The statement that Anapota captured Warangal, Bhuvanagiri and Singapura from Kapaya Nayaka sometime before 1369 A.D. requires further elucidation in view of the statement made by the Muhammadan historians that Allauddin Hasan Bahaman Shah wrested Bhuvanagiri from Kapaya Nayaka, some time before his (Sultan's) death in 1358. (9) A.D. 1360 is not the latest date of Kapaya Nayaka, the king of Warangal (as stated in the table on page 174) but that of Koppula Kapaya Nayaka.

The above points in no way diminish the value of the work under review. We gladly recommend the book to everyone interested in the history of Vijayanagara.

M. SOMASEKHARA SARMA

Recent Essays and Writings—By Jawaharlal Nehru (The Kitabistan, Allahabad, Price Re. 1-8-0).

'I am not a politician by choice; forces stronger than me have driven me to this field, and it may be that I have yet to learn the ways of politicians,' says Jawaharlal Nehru in one of these papers. Nor is the Pandit a writer by choice;

it may be also that he has yet to learn the ways of writers; but forces stronger than him must have moved him to write with such cold and passionless brilliance. The Pandit is well-known as the prophet of Indian youth, but it is rare to come upon a prophet who can think out and argue so ably. It is because he sticks to his relentless logic that he sees no escape from his own ruthless sacrifices. There is no pettiness or vulgarity about his patriotism; it is broadbased on culture as well as Communism; and he writes throughout with a relish for history and political science. Communism and Fascism are battling for supremacy, and Communism must win sooner or later. He advocates a Constituent Assembly because it will pass the lead to the masses. The Hindu Mahasabha and other communal organisations must go, as far as they are communal, anti-national and reactionary. He accepts non-violence as a necessity as well as on principle; but non-violence to him is no infallible creed, and he would prefer freedom with violence to subjection with non-violence. He protests in vain against those little corners of Hell, called prisons and penitentiaries. His tribute to Mr. M. N. Roy is charming and generous. It is, however, clear that the Pandit does not suffer from too much charm. 'A Window in Prison' is typical of his scintillating satire. The British Empire, the sundried bureaucrat, Sir Malcolm Hailey, or the prison Superintendent, are victims of his mockery which is Voltairean and sometimes vulturish. Whither India? he asks, and answers: 'To the great human goal of social and economic equality, to the ending of all exploitation of nation by nation and class by class, to national freedom within the framework of an international co-operative socialist world federation.' India suffers today from its mob of namby-pamby prophets. But Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi are the most powerful publicists among our rarer prophets. Their styles, like their personalities, are distinguished by sincerity and power—Gandhi all pity and pathos and self-exploration, Nehru all contempt and indignation and uncompromising clarity of vision. Pandit Jawaharlal writes like the voice of tremendous world-forces, so clearly and inevitably, without frizzles, without fancies. He is the most ardent of our patriots; but he, it is clear, is no mere twentieth century Plato or Oriental Karl Marx. He is so dignified, so purposeful, so downright. He is nearer Lenin.

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

Opinion of

Sir C. V. Raman, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., N.L.

I have entrusted with the Indian Photo-Engraving Company the making of line- and half-tone blocks to illustrate the scientific articles appearing in the Proceedings of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science. As our illustrations are intended to assist in the understanding of new scientific results, it is of the utmost importance that the reproductions should be clear and accurate. I may say at once that the work of the Indian Photo-Engraving Company has fully come up to our requirements.

C. V. Raman

29th May 1926